

THE  
Ungrateful Favourite.

A

Syn. 7. 66. 62

TRAGEDY.

---

WRITTEN

By a Person of Honour.

---

*Falso, voluptatis causa, sunt proxima veris.*

Horat. de Arte Poet.

---

Licensed, May 11. 1664.



Roger L'Estrange.

---

LONDON,

Printed by W. Stansfeld, for James Smith, in the Strand near  
St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1664.

14... 882

## *Drammatis Personæ.*

**KING** of Naples, *Old and timorous, fears to be debyon'd by his Son.*

**AMINTOR**, the Prince, *His Son, Generous and Popular, yet full of respect and duty to the King, a Lover of Clariana.*

**VALERIO**, a Count, *In love with the Princess, and after General for the King.*

**TERRÆFIUS**, *An unknown person, fancied by the Prince for his rare parts and qualities, and by him advanced to highest Dignities, call'd in Court Calisto.*

**DUKE** of Calabria, *A Favourer of the Prince, and Father to Clariana.*

**FRANGYPANE**, *A Noble-Man, endu'd with Courage, and other brave qualities, which are destroy'd by the infection of Love and Poetry: He is in love with Livia.*

**MALIGNO, LUSSURIO**, *Two Sycophants that batten upon the Kings weakness, and great enemies to the Prince.*

**HORTENSIO**, *Lieutenant to Valerio, a worthy Gentleman.*

*Captains, Souldiers, a Spirit, Messenger.*

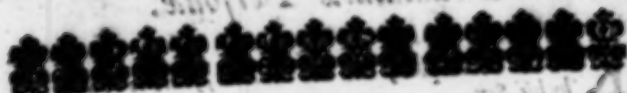
**JULIANA**, *The Princess, in love with Valerio.*

**CLARIANA**, *The Dukes Daughter, in love with the Prince.*

**LIVIA**, *A Lady attending the Princess, belov'd by Frangypane.*  
*Ladies.*

**SCENE NAPLES.**

**PRO.**



## PROLOGUE.

Enter a Drunkard, a Morrice-dancer, a Buffoon, a Bawd,  
a Whore, and a She-Gypsey; they dance an Antick.  
Which done, Enter Tragedy in state, in a Crimson  
Robe held up by two Roman Gladiators, a Crown  
upon her head, a Scepter in one hand, and a Po-  
nyard in the other; at whose entrance the Dancers  
all stare back.

Tragedy.

**Y**OU seem amaz'd; pray let me wonder too:  
I have more cause to stand amaz'd then you,  
To see your mimick faces utter in  
So deep a Tragedy. Those that have seen  
My Crimson Visage on the Stage before,  
Excell'd designer both deep and dark: nay more,  
Counsels of Kings discol'd: They look to see  
Me utter'd in with wonted Majesty,  
No light Morrice. Sure the Author's frantick,  
To present for a Prologue such an Antick;  
Or else be humours those that are so: few  
Can like things so extravagantly new,  
I mean, that are judicious: some think fit  
To number Dances in the rank of Wit.  
Such may his entrance please; whilst only they  
Of deeper judgement do applaud his Play,

SCENE V. THE

THE 6





THE  
Ungrateful Favourite.

---

ACTUS PRIMUS.

---

Scœna Prima.

*Prince, Terrasilius.*

*Prince.* **T**Hou lovest us, *Terrasilius*?

*Ter.* Love you, my Lord? What man dare  
question it

That hath a life, or may be mortal? Would  
I could finde a word apt to expreis it,  
And then some action to make good that word;  
My love would throw me on the enterprize,  
And banish by performance the least doubt  
Might bring my Love or Duty in suspect.

*Prince.* Neither is doubted, *Terrasilius*;  
I do believe, and cherish both.

*Ter.* Give't (my Lord) the name of Duty onely;  
A Vassal's love unto his Prince is such:

Or, if you please, of Gratitude, for all

B

Those

Those Favours, those Seas of Princely Favours,  
Your Bounty prodigally shower'd on me.

*Prince.* I count them, *Terrafilius*, well bestow'd:  
When Princes meet with a clear faithful Breast,  
One, who nor flatters nor betrays his trust,  
(As I have done in thee) they ought esteem't  
The richest Jewel in their Diadem.

When Hunting accidentally I found thee,  
Clad in the roughness of a Souldiers Garb,  
Then did I see Desert shine through thy Rags,  
A valliant look linkt to an honest heart;  
And since, thy vertue hath made good all my  
Predictions of thee.

*Ter.* Your Grace doth ruine my small stock of worth,  
Quite bankrupt my hopes, which are by service  
To deserve your favour. But Nature's poor  
In but affording me a single life,  
Scarce valuable to loose in your defence:  
The sum of all my riches is your love.

*Prince.* In which *Eschequer*, thou shalt finde no waste,  
Nor study wanting to advance thy State:  
For I deligne Vertue a Triumph in  
Thy Greatness; therefore, *Terrafilius*,  
I will prefer thee to my Fathers love,  
Endear thee to his heart: such honest Souls  
Should still cohabit with a Monarchs ear.

*Ter.* Your Grace doth seem to love me,  
Yet you would loose me.

*Prince.* Loose thee, *Terrafilius*? I'd advance thee.

*Ter.* Thus to advance me, is to cast me down;  
Honesty dares not lurk too near a Crown:  
Policy undermines and ruines her:  
Truth's an unwelcome Guest unto a King,  
Whose ears have been the Inns of flattery,  
Who never yet knew one truth of himself,  
Or of his people. (Pardon my honest bluntness.)  
And next consider, if a man that knows

His duty binds him speak his honest thoughts  
T'inform his Prince of those abuse his ear,  
And let him know his Peoples Grievances,  
Can be a Grateful Favourite.

*Prince.* You must learn to Temporize.

*Ter.* Yes, be a Dog, and fawn upon each Lord; be injured, and give thanks; that is the thriving way: never speak a truth, but when it is injurious; detract from true deserts, and praise shallow great ones to their ruine.

*Prince.* Thou hast the Theory, now try to practise.

*Ter.* To be a Knave, a Politick Courtier; had I somewhat of the Fool too, they were very fortunate properties.

*Prince.* Although the Place seem such an Antipode  
Unto thy honest Nature, when thou know'st  
My Interest urgeth my Commands, thou'lt flee  
Swifter then Lightning to perform my wish;  
I know thou wilt.

*Ter.* Were the Devil there, as Vices are his Agents, your interest would make me dare him too; and to promote it, vanquish him.

*Prince.* Thy bluntness favours much of manly truth;  
I'll therefore use no further circumstance,  
But open the very soul of my designe  
In placing thee at Court; which is, to finde  
Out such as are my enemies, and do  
Infect my Fathers Soul with Jealousie,  
Insinuating to his fearful thoughts  
My Popularity. Which when thou hast  
Discovered, at leisure we'll contrive  
Their overthrow. Two of those Slaves are now  
Within the level of my just Revenge;  
But so endear'd unto my Fathers Soul,  
He'd think't a violence unto himself,  
Should we but touch them.

*Ter.* Give me, Sir, their Names;  
I'll mark them out for Hell immediately.

*Prince.* You shall have fit Directions. ——— You can't

Be ignorant how I have suffered,  
 And still suffer through my Fathers weakness;  
 Of whom I now am rather fear'd, then lov'd:  
 The many Penances I've undergone  
 To gain the good Opinion of the King,  
 Must likewise be familiar to your thoughts,  
 Who can best witness the obscurity  
 In which I've liv'd; how much below my birth;  
 Wedding my self unto a solitude  
 Little becoming such a Kingdoms Heir,  
 All to regain the Kings Opinion  
 Of my Loyalty: A thing impossible,  
 Unless by Policy I could remove  
 Those brace of Leeches that do hourly feed  
 Upon my Fathers weakness; His Aged Fears.

*Ter.* I'm bound to serve you. Did your Highness know  
 How loth I am to leave you, what a contest  
 There's grown between my Duty and my Love,  
 You'd surely pity me: But I serve you,  
 Though I'm banisht from you, that's my comfort.

*Princ.* I see you'll prove a Courtier; let's invent  
 The aptest form now to prefer thee in:  
 For should my Father learn thou cam'st from me,  
 He'd never trust, but think it a design  
 Upon his Person. Hast been seen in Court?

*Ter.* Never, my Lord: nor do I think my self within the  
 verge of knowledge, since my transformation from a Mendicant  
 in Buff, to a Silken Favourite.

*Princ.* 'Tis well: but yet I fear, although thy birth  
 Was mean, thy Soul and Education both  
 Too Noble are to personate so base  
 A spirit,  
 As must endear thee to my Fathers love.

*Ter.* Doubt me not; love makes all service easie.

*Princ.* But thou'rt to play a part so opposite  
 Unto thy Genius, thou'lt ne'er humour it.  
 Can'st act a Coward, a Slave, as timorous

As a Virgin-Bride, lying suspended  
'Twixt her hopes and fears, in expectation  
Of her amorous Groom ?

*Ter.* A Coward, Sir ?

*Prince.* Yes, a wise cautious Coward ; a formal  
Coxcomb ; thou never enterest my Fathers  
Books else, nor so much credit gain'st to do  
Me good : my Father entertains all such  
About his Person for security :  
His valiant Guard wait at the Palace-gate,  
Not daring to trust them nearer his Person.

*Ter.* Your Highness makes me wonder.

*Prince.* To such a wonder Age hath brought the King ;  
More my misfortune : wilt counterfeit  
This Personage ?

*Ter.* I'll more then counterfeit to serve you ; I'll be  
The thing you wish.

*Prince.* Receive in writing these Directions then,  
And fail not (as you love your Prince) to act  
Accordingly.

*Ter.* This is the square I'll rule my actions by.

*Prince.* Let's then by execution give life  
To our design ; extend a Princely Arm,  
And make those Sycophants this Maxims know,  
'Tis dangerous to be a Princes Foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

*Scena Secunda.*

*Lussurio, Maligno, Juliano, Valerio.*

*Luf.* **W**E have a fine time on't i' faith, to be sole Companions, Favourites and Chamber-fellows to the King.

*Mal.* Chamberlains, and chief Gentlemen of the Chamber ? we are *Totum in Toto*, or *Fab-Totum*.

*Luf.* Not

*Luf.* Not too much Lazine, Brother.

*Mal.* For indeed all things pass through our hands; and therefore it is reason we should have a feeling in 't.

*Luf.* How happy were we, to be born patient Gentlemen! not to have one angry Planet reign at our Nativities! not one scruple of Choler in both our Compositions.

*Mal.* Choler? Thou Ruby-fac'd Gentleman with a Car-bunkled Nose, I do condemn thee: I'll not give a rush for thee as the time goes; for thou art more out of fashion then *Picket-de-naunt* Beards, or Plain-dealing at Court; and more ridiculous then Dancing to a Dead man, that sees not the Musick.

*Luf.* Fighting Valour, *Vostre serviteur*, you must not come within the smell of the Court now, and yet we are valiant too; for true Valour consists in suffering.

*Mal.* Right: for if a Blow or a Kick will do a friend a kindness, let him take it, and be gone: if he be actively valiant in striking, we will be more passively valiant in bearing, and oppose Flesh to Flesh, the Cheek to the Palm: for if he use the Batton, he's a Coward, and not valiant by Nature, because he refuses the use of Natural Weapons.

*Luf.* Which the Lyon, and other valiant Animals, employ.

*Mal.* True: but thanks to our good Kings peaceable temper, we are freed from such unnatural Fencers.

*Luf.* And from the Natural too, prain'd be the patient Stars: they were both a continual torment to us in our days of adversity. I could never keep my Curls in order; for the roaring of some Drum-headed Raskal or other would make them stare, and stand an end.

*Mal.* That affliction could I bear; but when they tore Hair and Ears up by the roots, it requir'd a treble-fortified patience.

*Luf.* Oh, but the Villainous Kick given by the Horn'd shoer!

*Mal.* That fashion was invented in the City, and came from head to foot immediately: but the durty shoer do I exclaim against; it hath spoil'd me many a Sartin Hose,

*Luf.* But

*Luf.* But now thanks to our generosity in suffering, we have overcome our griefs, to the great grief of our Offenders, who dayly come with Cap in hand to sue to us for favour.

*Mal.* Whilst we delay their suits, and make them participate of our vertue.

*Luf.* Patience, Brother.

*Mal.* 'Twas that I was going to say: therefore 'tis fit now we are called to the Helm, Brother, (mark me) to the management of State-affairs, we should be grateful to the vertue that hath exalted us.

*Luf.* Patience.

*Mal.* Seill thou takest the word out of my mouth: A bearing Patience, Brother: (observe me) I have a designe to bring it in fashion; for I conceive it very advantagious and profitable to the Commonwealth.

*Luf.* As how, dear Brother?

*Mal.* If you mark it, for 'tis a State-point: Bearing is the cause of Advancement, Peace and Defence to a Commonwealth; of Advancement in us, who whilome were the dregs, and are now become the very cream of the Commonwealth, and swim atop. Patience is a certain cause of Peace, for it makes the Citizen bear with his Wife, whilst she is bearing the Courtier: so every man bears one with another. Lastly, it is a defence to the Commonwealth: for it chiefly causeth the generation of her Defendor.

*Luf.* Learnedly argued, Brother! What Flesh can say more in praise of patient bearing? Undertake thou the fashion amongst the men, and let me alone to perswade the Women; they have a natural faculty in it. But mum:

[*Enter Valeria, Princess.*]

Here comes the Princess and *Valeria*, whose Physiognomy is more terrible then an apparition of *Satan*, with a visible Cloven foot.

*Mal.* His looks congeal my very blood; my heart is but one lump of Ice.

*Luf.* But for the priviledge of the Peace, I durst not come within the scent of his Valour, I thank my fear.

*Mal.* You-

*Mal.* Yonder's my Mistress too; and if his very aspect have not conjur'd down all my affections, and laid the Devil flat, may I never rise to the Council-board.

*Luf.* By this cudgell'd Carcase, she's a dainty morsel of Mans flesh: Oh that I had her in place where I—

*Mal.* How thou swell'st at the sight of a handsome Woman!

*Luf.* Oh, she hath eyes, whose sparkling Glances invite a man to Leudness. Prethee let's Court her to the next Lobby; my thoughts are Fornicators already.

*Mal.* Thou wantst a Cooling Julep; such Brother you must purvey elsewhere; this Lady is selected for a lawful affection.

*Luf.* No monopolizing, Brother: if I can get a consent before thee, I'll make bold with the first cut.

*Mal.* Howe'er, I'll venture on the invitation; she's too honest for thy purpose.

*Luf.* I would fain see an honest Woman; but Miracles are scarce sure. [Exeunt with Lucia.]

*Val.* I dare not nourish the bold thoughts of love,  
Yet still I must admire you, still adore you  
As a Star above me; a happiness  
Like heaven, in this life not to be obtain'd,  
Though wish'd for, yet there after good actions  
Through th' Port of Death we may at last arrive,  
But to the accomplishment of my desires,  
I fear never: how can I fear a thing  
I dare not hope for?

*Jul.* You are (my Lord) too cruel to your self,  
Too superstitious in your love, to which  
Altho' I dare give no encouragement,  
Not being my own Disposer, might I  
Advise, it should be constancy.

*Val.* Madam,  
Could I be guilty of so great a crime,  
Or Heaven be so cruel to impose  
(For secret sins) so high a punishment,



As make me know a change in my Devotions  
To your Grace, yet your Vertuous Counsel  
Would strengthen and reanimate my love:  
To such a vigorous perfection, (had I but) I say  
It would appear invincible to all  
The incounters of an adverse fortune.

*Jul.* You're very confident of your affection.

*Val.* Your Goodness (Madam) did first give it birth:  
But if I have offended, pardon me,  
And I will teach my tongue forget that Name,  
That Divine Name of Love. I'd not offend  
Your Vertue willingly: but if a service,  
Pretending nothing but from your merit,  
A pure flame, free from the smok of lust,  
Zealous Devotions, no ways counterfeited,  
Can pretend to the Character of Love,  
Pray let me read it in a smile: You are  
In this too bountiful, and I in the  
Request (I fear) too impudent: if so  
With a frown you chide away my Soul whilst dying  
On your hand, I vow my self your Martyr.

*Jul.* How he moves me! I have too much Woman:  
My Lord! see how unmovedly he stands!  
Just like Loves Statue, and as lovely. Sure  
He's transported in his thoughts: How his Fancie  
Labours! 'twere sin beyond a cruelty to scorn  
Such love, which in a sweet, yet negligent  
Distraction, displays both Truth and Passion.  
But he recovers!

*Val.* What a Paradise hath my thoughts enjoyed!  
What Seas of Pleasures hath my Fancie waded!  
Most Divine Power of Love! thy Joys and Griefs  
Are both inferutable, and not to be  
Comprehended.

*Jul.* How do you do, my Lord!

*Val.* Very exceeding well, never better:  
Surely Sickness dares not approach me now,

Now

C

Now you are present, who are both my life  
And health, indeed my All: for less cannot  
Express you; nor thus at full.

*Jul.* You set (my Lord) too great a value on  
A worth that's borrowed from the Barren Dust  
Of Ancestors: Their peculiar Vertues  
Made them Kings, my Fortune me a Princess:  
I might as well been born the neglected  
Issue of a Shepherdess, and past as  
Unregarded; your Kindship then (I doubt)  
Would scarce have thought my Vertue a full Dowry,  
My Chastity a Nobleness in Nature. (Love's

*Val.* How much you wrong my thoughts, (Madam) my  
No common flame wedded to Lust, or to  
Ambition; it is your Soul, your Soul  
Of Vertue I am ravish'd with: had it  
Inhabited the coarsest blackest earth

*Africk* did ere produce, 'twould have rendred  
It Divine, and through that Sable Cloud  
Cast forth its glorious Beams of brightness.

*Jul.* Continue still a President for Lovers;  
Steer them a course to everlasting love,  
Immortal as the Soul. Tell them, Beauty  
Is fading; such will be their love if plac'd  
On her; Greatness unstable, no secure  
Prop to build it on. Vertue's the Pillar  
That will never fail: She's your Advocate,  
And pleads (my Lord) your interest in my heart:  
Dost on her still; for she'll deserve your love.

*Val.* I have ever done so, (Madam): doated  
On you; but with such reverence, such a  
Becoming duty, as best might suit my  
Meanness, and your great Birth.

*Jul.* Continue constant.

*Val.* Continue constant to excellent Motto!  
Thou shalt be engrav'd in lasting Characters  
About my heart, and on the stone

Those sacred words, until my tongue forget  
All frivolous Discourse; onely her name  
Shall intermixedly make up  
Lowes Harmony, whilst dayly I admire  
Those Blazing Stars which set my heart on fire. [Exit.

*Scena Tertia.*

*Prince, Terrasilius in a plain simple dress.*

*Prince.* IF thou canst suit thy Garb unto thy dress,  
Thou gain'st access and credit with the King.  
But *Terrasilius*, do not forget  
The ends for which I plac'd thee there, to work  
For my advantage, and to plead my cause  
Like a double-see'd Advocate, which must  
Be with success; the Kings Aged Weaknesses  
Being of such an easie mold, they take  
Impressions, good or bad, as those about  
Him stamp on his Belief.

*Ter.* For the future, it shall bear the Signet  
Of your Vertue, which I'll impress so deep  
Into his Soul, that Age, nor eating time  
Shall never rase. I'll let him know how sweet  
A hope he hath for to succeed him: how  
Noble a Son, how generous a Prince,  
How full of duty and of humble thoughts.

*Prince.* Thou wilt in this so far oblige us, that  
I shall esteem my Favours past but Trifles.

*Ter.* I'm richly recompensed in your Princely Love!  
Continue me but there, I wish no greater  
Fortune.

*Prince.* Would I could take thee nearer to my Soul,  
Thou art so good: but being already at height  
In my affection, I will raise thee to

An equal highth in Fortune: when I raigñ,  
'Tis *Terrafilius* that must command.

*Ter.* I am (my Lord) your Vassal, born to serve,  
Not to oblige you: yet I would not change  
My bondage to be a Monarch; so much  
I prize your love and service!

*Prince.* I know thou lovest us, and need no farther  
Argument to confirm the truth. But now  
To my Designe: This leads to the Presence,  
I must commit thee to thy fortune; for  
I dare advance no further, it would breed  
Too much suspicion: you know your task.

*Ter.* And will perform't with all fidelity.

*Prince.* 'Tis in thy power to oblige thy Prince;  
And to mistrust, were too much injury,  
Where I have found so much fidelity.

*Ter.* I were too base a Villain to deceive  
So generous a Prince: Your confidence  
Would make a Traytor Loyal, but on me  
Meer Gratitude doth put a double eye.

*Prince.* May the Gods favour our designs!

[Ea

*Ter.* They're oblig'd to favour Justice, Sir.  
Poor Prince! I pity him: I see Content  
Is seldom conversant with high Estates;  
Most Vertuous Souls are injur'd most by Fates.

### Scœna Quarta.

*Lussurio, Maleigno, Terrafilius.*

**L**us Fellow *Maleigno*! let us be watchful, vigilant and  
careful in our Office; the King is upon entrance,  
and relies upon our honesty for his Safe-guard.

*Mal.* Therefore it is safe we search each corner wherein  
Treason may lurk.

*Ter.* What.

*Ter.* What a brace of Baboons are these? fitter to keep Centinal at a Ladies Closet, then at a Kings Bed chamber.— But I must try my fortune, and accost them: Worshipful Gentlemen!

*Luf.* Ha! what Fellow's that speaks to us with his Justice of Peace his Title?

*Ter.* Right Worshipful Gentlemen!

*Mal.* So, he rises a note, but hath not attain'd our stile.

*Luf.* Brother, take no notice of him; Austerity and Gravity are the Essence of Greatness and Place.

*Mal.* Let us then walk by him with as much contempt as a begging Spaniard refuses an Alms before witness.

*Ter.* What Musk-cats are these, to guide a tottering State, whose Wisdom is meer Formality; Honestly, Baseness; and greatest Vertue, Cowardise? But I must temporize with these State-Leeches: Right Honourable, I have an humble suit to your Honours.

*Luf.* An humble-suit to your Honours? This is somewhat like.

*Ter.* That your Honours would deign to prefer me to the King, as a person dignified with the Vertue Patience, which his Gracious Pleasure hath newly rendred a Majestical Vertue.

*Mal.* Fellow, I fear thou hast not undergone all the tryal of that magnanimous Vertue.

*Luf.* Brother, you say right: for those Carbuncles in his face denote Choler, heat of Liver, and Inflammations of Anger: therefore, Fellow, we cannot; it is absolutely against Allegiance to ad nio thee.

*Mal.* How many tryals of patience hast thou past through?

*Ter.* Various sufferings, Sir, and Militant afflictions; as, the Bastinado, the Horn'd-shoe-kick, the Twinge by the Nose, the Lug by the Ear, and penetrating Lash; all which I have born with patience, because I would not stain my Honor.

*Mal.* Certes, Brother, this Fellow hath Vertue in him.

*Luf.* If I could but see Golden Proofs, I should believe: But to introduce a Fellow to our capacity, (do you conceive me, Brother?) is no small kindness.

*Mal.* I'll

*Mal.* I'd be of your Opinion, had the Fellow Wit or Policy ; but he's a Fool ; you may see by his Garb.

*Ter.* The fool may chance to cole you, rather uncole you : cast you from the Saddle of preferment. But I must buy my place, I see that : there's no Courtier hath so little Wit, but he can take money for an Office. Gentlemen, presuming you have considered my aptitude for the Kings service, and that your resolutions are in my favour, I take the boldness to present you this parcel of Crowns.

*Luf.* Now we understand him, these are the onely Pleaders.

*Mal.* Next to Women, Brother.

*Luf.* Women, I grant, are very prevalent : I saw the Fellows aptitude before : if you mark it, he hath an ingenious countenance ; we'll prefer him.

*Mal.* Content : to say truth, the weight of Government is too ponderous for two. Come, Fellow, and be obedient, thou art made for ever : if otherwise, we will take the Prop of our favour from thee, and expose thee to the perils of fortune.

*Ter.* I shall be still your Creature.

*Luf.* He will thrive, I warrant him ; he hath learnt to flatter great Ones. [Exeunt.]

*Ter.* Good Dog-Whelps, you that sell your Princes smiles For Crowns, would for a sum of Angels sell His Crown, and Life to boot : Such sweet Engines (Giving a handsome opportunity)

Might transform a Politician to

A Traytor ; which proves this Axiome true,

— That Prince can ne'er be safe who much depends  
On Knaves for Counsel, and makes Cowards Friends.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.



# ACTUS SECUNDUS.

## Scœna Prima.

*King, Juliana, Lussurio, Maligno, Terreilius.*

*King.* DO you all know him?

*Lus.* Know him, my Liege? better then our selves: an honest Fellow, an' please your Majesty; and so ho- ly, he hath almost worn out his fingers ends with dropping Beads.

*Mal.* He prays so continually, the Devil's grown weary to disturb his Meditations.

*Lus.* Did you but see him at his Orizons, you'd swear he enticed Heaven by his amorous postures to an embrace. I never courted Wench with half such an Alphabet of Ge- stures.

*King.* 'Tis well, it doth become your care to place such near our Person; for we relie upon your faiths: I don't affect these Men-killers stil'd Valiant; they are cruel, and gain a re- putation by spilling Humane Blood.

*Mal.* This Gentleman's so merciful, he'll not crack a Lowse for fear of spilling it.

*King.* What doth our Daughter think of this new Cour- tier?

*Jal.* I think he may be worth your favour, Sir:  
If one may judge by looks, his countenance  
Befriends him: truly I think him faithful:  
Nor can I fancie any man so cruel,  
So much at enmity at least with Heaven,

As to wish harm unto their Sovereign.

*King.* Your Innocence let's you not see the dangers  
Threaten us : Our ears are every where ;  
Nor want we power to prevent  
All those designs of blood that menace us.

*Jul.* Boody designs indeed ! sure such evils  
Cannot inhabit in a subjects soul.

[Weeps.]

*King.* Poor Girl ! she weeps : I wish her Brother were  
Of this soft strain : but he's all Martial,  
And bears Destruction in his very looks,  
To Us, and to our Kingdome. He might stay  
Till Nature force me to resigne it up  
To his Protection, without seeking  
Thus to encroach upon my subjects loves.  
We sha'nt long trouble him : Me thinks our Age,  
Did not the Law impose a double tie  
Of Son and Subject, might incline his heart  
To due obedience ; but Nought works on him.  
— A Crown's esteem'd a thing of so much weight,  
Men seldome weigh by what means 'tis obtain'd.  
Treason we never do for just allow,  
But when she peaches on a Monarchs brow.  
When I am dead, none dare the Deed disown ;  
The Prince will justifie it by my Throne.

*Ter.* Doth he use to talk to himself thus ?

*Luf.* 'Tis his dayly exercise : for he'll admit no company but  
the Princess and us ; and we are commonly so busied for his  
safety, he cannot think it safe to trouble us with so much talk.

*Ter.* 'Tis a strange melancholy hath possess't him.

*King.* Calisto !

*Ter.* Your Majesties Creature : I'll wait upon you.

*Luf.* He call'd for Calisto : [Exeunt King, Juliana,  
Did you observe ? I like it not. (Terra filium.

*Mal.* Your fears are now too busie : if the King use him  
for other then a Jester, ne'er trust my Policy.

*Luf.* Let's have a care, for favour makes men bolder :  
I would be loth he caper o'er my shoulder.

[Exeunt.  
Scena



Scœna Secunda.

*Livia, Frangypant, Terraslim, Juliana.*

*Liv.* **A**Re you oft troubled with these Poetical fits?  
*Fran.* Fairest of Ladies, did you never know it,  
 How in a dream I was ordain'd a Poet?

*Liv.* Not I, my Lord.

*Fran.* Then listen pray, the story straight will follow:  
 Being one night drunk, and dreaming of *Apollo*,  
 That Riming god, I in a rapture fell,  
 Which made my Buttons crack, my Body swell;  
 And in Poetick fury by exclaims,  
 I call'd the Muses by their proper names:  
 The Furies all, 'tis truth that I do tell ye,  
 I straight did feel to rumble in my Belly;  
 Furies within, the Muses nine without me;  
 You may imagine how I laid about me.  
 Out-thundering *Jove*, with fancies that I stole,  
 And frighted *Phebus* with an Hyperbole  
 Which was too high for to be understood,  
 Or of my self or him: but sure 'twas good;  
 For suddainly, as I do think, did follow  
 My Installation by the god *Apollo*;  
 Who rose resplendently from off his seat,  
 With such a vast illuminary heat,  
 As put me something in a sweat.

*Liv.* The last Verse wants a foot; lend it a crutch.

*Fran.* No wonder; sure the Verse was at a stand,  
 Wanting a foot; for then I us'd my hand  
 To wipe away the sweat from off my face:  
 The heat my pardon pleads in such a case.

*Liv.* And justly too: me thinks you still are hot:  
 Put not your Muse unto so hard a task:

D

Pray



Pray tell your tale in Prose.

*Fran.* Truly I am none of those  
That knows how to speak in Prose :  
Since my Instalment Verse doth flow  
From me wheth'r I will or no :  
Therefore if you'll hear the story  
In my Language, I am for ye.

*Liv.* So you'll be brief, (my Lord) I am content.

*Fran.* *Apollo* risen, (as I said before)  
In his right-hand a *Cypress* Garland bore,  
In's left a *Lash*, by which he did presage,  
That with my *Satyres* I should scourge the Age.

*Liv.* Then you are much *Satyrical*.

*Fran.* I am all the parts of Poetic and love ;  
Pray hear me out,  
I'll clear all doubt

Your Criticisms can object or move.

*Liv.* 'Tis pity so brave a Fellow should be fool'd by fancie,  
And Valour wedded to such indiscretion.

*Fran.* Silence, Madam, in a Woman  
Is a Vertue, but not common.

*Liv.* Proceed; I am most attentive.

*Fran.* Then *Phœbus* put the Garland on my head,  
And straight by him my Destiny was read,  
That I should languish much for my first Love :  
But if to me she too unkind did prove,  
Each Lady that did hear a Verse of mine,  
At first should love, but if refus'd, should pine..  
'Tis you I first affect.

*Liv.* Indeed, my Lord ?

*Fran.* Yeeld love for love.

*Liv.* Oh excellent Poetical Courtship !

*Fran.* Left your whole Sex do these disasters prove.

*Liv.* Most dire and terrible !

*Fran.* Now if you can affect me, I pray shew it  
To him *Apollo* stil'd the *Cypress* Poet.

*Liv.* My Lord, you are all affected.

*Fran.* By

*Fran.* By all affected, and refus'd by you,  
Were in my *Cypress* Wreath to mingle Rue.

[*Enter Juliana, Terrasilius.*

*Jul.* How now, my Lord?  
You spend your time in Courtship.

*Liv.* A Poet, Madam, always is in love.

*Jul.* But is't true? I heard that Miracle, and wanted faith.

*Liv.* Most true: he can both feign and rime.

*Jul.* I thought his Lordship had scarce wit to be guilty of such a folly. *Calisto*, what think you? doth not his face betray him for a Lord?

*Terr.* More then a Poet, Madam: for me thinks he wants much of their crabbedness in his countenance: he looks not as if he had lately contracted his brows in a Purse-net for a Conceit: besides, his Hair grows thick upon the Temples; which Poets still tug off, with pumping for inventions.

*Liv.* But his are free; his Verse all unconstrain'd:  
For he hath quite forgot his Mother-tongue,  
And Metre flows more plentifully from  
His lips, then Claret from a Conduit-pipe  
At a Coronation.

*Jul.* Sure he's inspir'd, *Livia*: he was wont  
To be content with Prose, altho' it came  
A little short of sense.

*Liv.* Indeed he us'd a Martial bluntness, Madam:  
But give him still his due, he was a Souldier.

*Jul.* Sure the Wench loves him.

*Liv.* Your Highness is deceiv'd; 'tis he loves me;  
And yet I pity him, that for my sake  
He should incur so great a Lunacy.

*Jul.* As love? is that a madness?

*Liv.* Oft-times it self: but in a Martial Scull,  
And joyn'd with Poetry, a double Lunacy.

*Terr.* See how his Muse labours! he stands as if he were  
Casting Figures, or conjuring for Verses.

*The Ingrateful Favourite.*

*Fran.* Hieroglyphick love, that with Geometrical art,  
Takes the dimension of each Triangle heart.

*Ter.* Those words lay hard upon his Stomack.

*Jul.* They were bad of digestion towards bed-time :  
Ha, ha, ha ! he turns : his eyes are fixt on *Livia*.

*Ter.* He'd make a gallant Setter.

*Jul.* A pretty Puppy for a Ladies Lap.

*Frangypane sings.*

*Is it your Nature, Lady, or your Will,  
That makes you cruel still ?*

*Liv.* My Will.

*Ter.* He varies too much his humour to be mad.

*Frangypane sings.*

*Will you be then 'gainst Reason still unkind,  
And count my Passion Wind ?*

*Liv.* Winde.

*Jul.* Well sung eccho.

*Frangypane sings.*

*Wind is but Air, and with a puff is paid :  
Will you still live a Maid ?*

*Liv.* A Maid.

*Fran.* Then by this puff of scorn you have betray'd  
Your Sex to ruine : had you my love cherish'd,  
You had been safe, and none of them had perisht.

[*Exit.*

*Ter.* He can sail out of Tune.

*Jul.* But not in Prose.

This Fellow's humour might become the Stage-  
Exceeding well, but that it would be thought

Too.

Too much extravagant. To what a height  
Of madness may fancy bear a man!

*Liv.* Madam, you mist the best; I had the whole  
Relation of his Instalmēt.

*Jul.* Come in, and tell the story; such harmless mirth-  
Best pleases: I shall be mindful of my Brother's  
Business; he gives you a noble character. [*Exeunt Jul. Liv.*]

*Ter.* Ever a Slave unto your Vertues, Madam:  
I would I were your Master! Rebellious  
Thoughts, how dare ye assume a voice to give  
Your selves a sound articulate? Die, die,  
And with you perish all my fonder hopes,  
Grounded upon ambitious Policy.

My honest thoughts, keep guard upon my heart;  
For love doth seek to undermine the fort,  
And so betray me to ingratitude,  
Scill the infection seizes on my heart;  
Love like a Poison spreads its Leprosie;  
Which will too soon I fear corrupt my soul,  
For it already doth my thoughts controul.

[*Exit.*]

---

### Scœna Tertia.

*King, Lussuris, Malcigno, Terraflum.*

*King.* **T**Hat was *Calisto* sup̄e that parted hence?

*Lus.* It was, an' like your Majesty.

*King.* Send him to us, and be you diligent  
In keeping watch the while for our safety.

*Lus.* We shall, Sir: I like not this familiarity,  
Brother, we must rid us of this fear.

*Mal.* We'll finde occasions to disgrace him, fear not:  
But to our task.

[*Exeunt.*]

*King.* My safety bids me try him ere I trust:  
For I perceive him of a subtler mold.

*Tham.*

Then all my other Servitors. He's fit  
 (If I find him honest) to be trusted  
 In the full management of those affairs  
 Nearest concern us; our proper safety;  
 And next, the peace and welfare of the State:  
 Both which are threatned by the Prince; a Son  
 In Title, in Duty a meer stranger:  
 Where I should love, there I have cause to fear;  
 But what I want in Son, I have in Heir:  
 Yet he shall stay his time, mangre his spirit;  
 'Tis just his Father die 'fore he inherit.

*Calisto!*

[*Enter Terraslim.*]

*Ter.* My Liege.

*King.* You promis'd us when last we did discourse,  
 To give us your opinion of our Son:  
 We have given you time to recollect your knowledge;  
 Therefore speak.

*Ter.* Sir, your request is of so deep concern,  
 And I so little in his nature verst,  
 I never durst have undertook the task,  
 Had not your dread Commands (which to dispute  
 Were impudence in me) constrain'd me to't.

*King.* We like your honest caution; speak your  
 Thoughts freely.

*Ter.* You give a Noble freedome, which I'll use  
 As best becomes a subject that speaks truth.  
 You have a Son so full of Piety,  
 So enrich'd with Wisdome, Valour, indeed all  
 Those Vertues which adorn a Noble Prince,  
 Or Kings may hope for in their Successours,  
 To make their Kingdome happy.

(*side.*

*King.* Is this through ignorance or love? I'll sound him: [*A-*  
*Calisto*, thou dost flatter him, basely  
 Belye his Vices: believe it, he's more proud  
 Than *Lucifer*; in Ambition greater  
 Than the Giants that threatned Heaven:  
 For Cruelty, no Tygres equal him;

He

He wears a bloody mantle o'er his thoughts,  
And underneath obscurely lie involv'd  
The darkeſt Policies Hell e'er contriv'd.  
He well may term himſelf the ſcourge o' th' Gods;  
For he's his Fathers terrour, his diſquiet:  
How can I be a King, and fear? Can Nature  
On my Prerogative ſo far prevail,  
To make me live in bondage to a Son?

*Ter.* He's much incens'd: Policy bids comply.

[*Aſide.*]

I ſee your Maſteſty's much better read  
In the obſcure Volume of the Princes heart  
Then I; in which appears ſuch gentle mildneſs,  
So intermixt with duty to your ſelf,  
As might deceive a wiſer man than I.

*King.* This Fellow's honeſt ſure.

[*Aſide.*]

All's but Hypocriſie, and meer Deceit;  
Rebellion ſtill hath worn Religions Cloak:  
Worſt Acts are fac'd with Piety. Believe't,  
Policy hath taught the Prince firſt what to ſeem,  
Then what to be: but I know all his haunts;  
There's not a corner of his heart lies hid  
From my diſcovery: his ſecret Plots  
Appear as plain as the unclouded Sun  
In the Meridian.

*Ter.* How men may be abus'd! I do proteſt:  
The World believeth him a Miracle  
Of Vertue, and thence erect a pity  
To his Perſon: ſome are ſo bold to term  
You cruel, others unjuſt unto his worth;  
Which is by all admir'd: I cannot blame  
Your Maſteſty to fear, though much I grieve  
You ſhould have cauſe of fear; eſpecially  
From him, whereon your Kingdome doth erect:  
Such hopes: but your Maſteſty is wiſe.

*King.* We will begin to be ſo: now thou perceiv'ſt  
Our injuries.

*Ter.* With too much grief.

*King.* Honeſt:

*King.* Honest *Calisto*, thou shalt share our bosome :  
We intend this night for to secure the Prince.

*Ter.* Your Majesty's a miracle of Wisdom.

*King.* We have intelligence he is to sup  
With the Duke of *Calabria* to night ;  
A notable Favourer of his faction.

*Ter.* Heaven I hope favours your Majesty,  
And then you need not fear.

*King.* Fear (*Calisto*) shall henceforth loose her Name,  
'Tis Action now that must secure us.

*Ter.* You are an Oracle unto your self,  
And need no second counsel.

*King.* It is not safe to stroke a Lyons Whelp  
When once he doth begin to finde his strength ;  
Much less to trust so popular a Prince,  
Molded by War to every act of Blood,  
With liberty, and all the peoples hearts.  
Those Princes by a Politick compass steer,  
Who still secure what they have cause to fear.

[*Exit.*

*Ter.* So, I'm a Favourite already : sure  
The Air o' th' Court's unwholsom, and infects,  
I could not else so soon become a Knave ;  
Nay worse, a Traytor to my Princes trust ;  
And if that worse may be, ungrateful too  
To a man that rais'd me from the dust, from whence  
He snatcht me up to plant me in his breast :  
And for this good must I now cut his throat ?  
The time requires it: Pox on *Machiavel*,  
I had been honest had I ne'er read thee :  
But now the Devil chalks me out a way  
To be a King, my Vertue can't resist  
So rich a bait : Ambition whispers me ;  
How near were *Terrafiliu* to a Throne,  
Could he but make the Princess once his own !

[*Exit.*



Scœna Quarta.

*Clariana, Prince, Duke.*

*Clar.* **V** Hat haste you make away!

*Prince.* Business calls loud upon me.

*Clar.* Nay, use your pleasure, Sir, since I am grown  
So great a burthen to your thoughts: you seem  
Disfasted with my company, which us'd  
To be so pleasing, (at least you made me  
Think so) Melancholy durst not approach  
Your heart whilst you possess it.

*Prince.* 'Tis still as grateful; and, *Clariana*,  
More precious to my soul then ever.  
I must confess some melancholy thoughts  
Perplex my minde, and raise disturbances  
Within my soul, I know no reason for't.  
I never yet (to my remembrance)  
Surprized was with such a suddain fear:  
My whole frame shakes, as if my innocent Soul  
Were guilty of some crime she durst not think on.

*Clar.* I fear'd somewhat relating to my self  
Had rais'd that stormy weather in your looks:  
I would not willingly through ignorance  
Offend a Person, to whom knowingly  
Love hath not left me power to withill.

*Prince.* It is not in thy power to offend;  
But you are too indulgent to your fears:  
Would I could dress my face in such a look  
As might still give assurance of my love,  
And so kill suspicion. *Clariana*,  
It is the misery of Lovers still  
To fancie or too little, or too much:

E

They

They conſter frowns, and miſinterpret ſmiles  
For fear or hopes, as love their fancy guides.

*Clar.* Love knows no reaſon, therefore is govern'd  
By appearances: beſides, the face is term'd  
The Index of the minde, wherein's diſcern'd  
Each paſſion of the Soul: Gladneſs and Joy  
Are there enthron'd, and circled in with ſmiles:  
Diſtaſte appears in Frowns; Anger and Rage  
Still ſhooteth from the eye, and ſo doth ſcorn:  
But Melancholy is too bold a Gueſt,  
Engroſſing all theſe Lodgings to himſelf.

*Prince.* This were an Art worth ſtudying: had men  
So fair a Book as your face to read it,  
They would out-ſtare Aſtronomers, and be  
More wakeful then a Nurſe-keeper that had  
Newly learnt to watch with her eyes open.  
The News? ———

[Enter Meſſenger.]

*Meſſ.* This Letter to your Highneſs.

[Exit.]

[He reads it.]

*Prince.* What, is he gone? ——— Oh my Prophetick fear!

*Clar.* How fares my Lord the Prince?

*Prince.* Read, *Clariana*, read; and tell me then

If I have cauſe to grieve: *Terraſilius*  
Says there the King intends to ſecure us,  
Immediately to coop and cage me up;  
What then his Paralites may work him to,  
Let all men judge that have a grain of ſence.  
Experience doth make me juſtly fear,

*A Princes Priſon and his Grave are near.*

Alas, poor *Clariana*! Why doſt ſpend  
Thoſe precious Tears in vain? Preſerve them  
To embalm my Hearſe: for they are uſeleſs now,  
Could they diſſolve a Rock of Adamant;  
For the Kings heart's a much more harden'd ſubſtance.

[She weeps.]

[Enter Duke.]

Here comes thy aged Father weeping too,  
As if his Tears held counſel with my face.

*Duke.*

*Duke.* Flee, flee, my Lord! and by escape prevent  
The fury of the King, whose Officers  
Are making down the Street to apprehend you.

*Prince.* Why let them come: my innocence is so  
Secure a Guard, I cannot fear.

*Clar.* Vertue may be by Violence oppress'd:  
Oh good my Lord, seek to preserve your self;  
You do not know the ruine threatens you.

*Duke.* It is no idle fear; there are strange whispers;  
And how far the Kings jealousy may work  
Upon him, none but the Gods can tell: We've  
All cause to doubt, since from his love and counsels  
All worthy Souls are banisht. You he hath  
Banisht too; you, whom he ought to esteem  
The chiefest Pillar to support his State.  
But we have no time for Arguments, my Lord;  
I hear the Officers.

*Clar.* Oh hear me on my knees! Listen to her  
You oft have stil'd Commanders of your heart;  
She begs you would be kinde unto your self;  
If not unto your self, unto the State,  
Whose welfare on your safety doth depend.  
If all this cannot move, yet pity me:  
Nay, I'll not rise until you grant my boon.

*Prince.* I can deny thee nothing: Rise.

*Clar.* Oh give me then your safety by your flight!

*Duke.* My Lord, you must not now delay: to horse;  
And with a winged speed let's to Calabria:  
We have all an interest in you, and dare not  
Let you perish.

*Prince.* Your goodness doth o'ercome me: nothing grieves  
But thus to part with thee, my *Clariana*:  
It is an Exile worse then death: but Fate  
Must be obey'd. Farewel. (me,

[Exit with Duke.]

*Clar.* Take all my Prayers, and choicest Wishes with you,  
Whilst I remain at home the wofull'st Maid  
That love ere brought acquainted with mishap.

But I must dry my eyes, and for a time  
Take truce with grief. Here comes the Officers.

[Enter Officers.

Fortune assist my Lord in his escape,  
And I'll forgive thee all thy treacheries,  
And with a Stoicks Patience sustain  
The Princes absence.

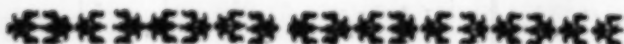
*Laf.* Yonder's the daughter, she's lawful prize:  
I'll seize on her.

*Clar.* How hath my guiltless self offended, that  
You dare commit this Rape? Pray let me know  
My crime: if by Authority you act,  
The Law prescribes no punishment but to  
Offenders.

*Laf.* We are not bound to give account; 'tis the Kings  
Pleasure, and as a subject you must obey.

*Clar.* Come, Jaylors, lead; I'll use for my defence  
What you could never boast, bright Innocence.

[Exeunt.



ACTUS



## ACTUS TERTIUS.

## Scœna Prima.

*Terrasilius, Juliana, Livia, Frangypant, Lussurio,  
Maligno, Valerio.*

Ter. **T**He Prince his flight was happy 'bove my wish:  
Had he plotted with me my designs,  
He could not more advance them. The fearful-  
(King,

(By this convinc'd of his Disloyalty)  
Hath levied forces to reduce the Prince,  
And nam'd (by my advice) *Valerio*  
For General. Thus hath my Policy  
At one blow remov'd a Rival here at  
Home, to promote my interest abroad.  
He'll either overcome the Prince, or die  
I' th' enterprize: I know his Valour well;  
Either will make for me: for both must fall  
Low as the Grave, before I can ascend  
This with'd-for Throne, or gain *Juliana's* love:  
That's the grand wheel whereon my Plots do move.  
See, here she comes! Mirth triumphs in her face:

[Enter *Juliana, Livia, Frangypant, Lussurio, Maligno.*  
She's ignorant her Lover is advanc'd:  
But I'll observe.

*Jul.* What makes him flee me thus?

*Liv.* For fear, Madam, you should undergo a punishment  
threatned all our Sex, for my neglect of his good parts.

*Jul.* We'll give this hour to mirth; I'll prosecute the hu-  
mour. Sweet.

Sweet *Frangipane*, how affable he looks!

*Fran.* This did I still foresee: Pray look not on me,  
Lest a Judgement fall suddenly upon thee.

*Ter.* His rime makes him very familiar; fine foolery.

*Fran.* For *Phabus* swore an Oath of dreadful awe,  
Soon as the scorn of *Livia* he saw,  
In such a manner he'd revenge his Poet,  
That all the Sex of woman-kinde should know it:  
For hear, quoth he, thou *Cypress* Lawreat.

*Liv.* Ha, ha, ha! a *Cypress* Lawrell!

*Jul.* You'll make him forget his Rhyme.

*Fran.* Though we do not intend to alter fate,  
Which has thy love to *Livia* decreed,  
Her scorn to thee shall make a thousand bleed.

*Jul.* A direful Sentence!

*Fran.* Therefore, O Princess, I this boon implore,  
That you would never look upon me more:  
For though your heart with loves strong fangs were torn,  
Your kindness I must still return with scorn:  
And I perceive, Oh me, she drops her Glove,  
A certain token that she is in love.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Fran.* Slaves, how dare ye at a Poet laugh,  
Who can at pleasure Cudgel with a staff  
Of Verses most Satyrical your bodies,  
Till you become bald Puppies, arrant Noddies?

*Lus. Mal.* Well rim'd i' faith.

*Fran.* Inspire me (*Muses*) were it before a Jury,  
I could no longer now contain my Fury:  
Raptures, ye Slaves, within my head do rumble,  
And thus their furious weights upon you tumble.

*Lus.* Oh good Sir! Oh my bones! [*He beats Lus. & Mal.*]

*Mal.* Is this basting in Verse, pray?

*Fran.* What, do you gape, and in contempt still stand,  
As if you did divide the *Muses* hand?  
Then 'tis convenient, Raskals, that we greet  
Your Bums in measure with Poetick feet.

[*He kicks them.*  
*Lus.* Oh!

*Lus.* Oh Lord, Oh Lord, Sir, what do you mean?

*Mal.* A Pox, this is worse then kicking in Prose.

*Jul.* Good *Livia* take him off; his humour's tedious:  
Should the King come and see his Favourites  
Corrected thus, he'd be displeas'd.

*Liv.* Sweet Seignior *Frangipane*!

*Fran.* Sweet is the Name, since you do give it voice;  
But sweeter were it, were that Name your choice.

*Liv.* Here 'tis too publick to discover love.

*Fran.* I'll wait on you to the adjacent Grove.

[Exit with *Livia*.]

*Ter.* Pretty foolish pastime this; but I have other Engins  
working here.

[Exit.]

*Jul.* How do you finde your bodies, Gentlemen?

*Lus.* As well as beaten bodies, Madam, sore and bruised:  
Patient Valour is subject to these corrections.

*Mal.* A Pox upon Poetical feet; especially when they  
don't run smooth: they gall most damnably, and then they  
come with such a fury! to be inclosed in a Barrel full of Nails,  
and roll'd down a hill, is no torment to it.

*Lus.* A meer May-game: I shall hate a Poet whilst I live.

[Enter *Valerio*.]

*Jul.* You must be charitable, and forgive.

*Lus.* Our Patience shall supply that vertue.

*Val.* Gentlemen, the King enquires for you.

*Lus.* He shall not long, if this slipping pace will bear us to  
him.

*Val.* Madam, I'm come to take my latest leave. [Exit.]

*Jul.* Your leave, my Lord?

*Val.* And like an humble Lover, offer on  
The Altar of your hand, my faithfull'st Vows.

*Jul.* Are you to go a Voyage?

*Val.* A Pilgrimage to death: for every step  
That contributes to the separation  
Of *Valerio* from your Princely presence,  
Leads to my grave.

*Jul.* I cannot reach your meaning: if my sight  
Be so necessary an ingredient

Tha.

To the composition of your life,  
You may defer the Journey.

*Val.* Although, great Princess, you might much command  
By Loves Prerogative, indeed my life,  
I must not now obey.

*Prince.* You speak in Parables.

*Val.* 'Tis easily explain'd: I now must leave  
Loves gentle Theame, and treat of nought but War:  
The King hath ruin'd me with Honour, (Madam)  
Makes me a General of men abroad,  
Whilst my poor heart's at home a Prisoner.

*Jul.* Is this your woful Pilgrimage to death?  
This your Mishap? Is it the War you fear?  
Hen-hearted Man! where did'st thy courage loose?  
Or hadst thou ever any? *Valerio,*  
Let me not loose the hopes I had in thee,  
To find a Man that's absolute in all,  
Courtly in Peace, and yet more stern in War  
Then *Pallas* in her Martial Robes.

*Val.* 'Tis not the War, nor all those horrors, (Madam)  
Which are Companions to a Martial life,  
Can move a panick thought: 'Tis to leave you  
That startles me, and lays my Courage waste:  
My heart would better brook to stand a breach  
When Death and Horrour both did hem me in,  
Then one day bear the burden of your absence.

*Jul.* I must not have you thus effeminate  
In your affections, forsaking Honour  
To content your Eye. What Noble Spirit  
Would for a Mistresses fleeting smiles exchange  
So glorious a Title? Kings need not blush  
To wear it! A General comprehends  
All Titles in it self; those glorious Honours  
Vertue, Valour, or Desert can merit.  
Fortune hath painted you out a copious Field  
To merit what your birth dares not pretend,  
My Love: if you esteem it at the rate



Your tongue so prodigally hath express'd,  
You'll judge it meriting one generous  
Achievement, as an evidence at least  
To the world my favours were bestow'd on Vertue.

*Val.* Enough : your speech hath shot into my breast  
Another soul : I am your Souldier :  
Though I despair of being so fortunate  
To merit what all worth can scarce deserve,  
Your favour, I shall do something, Madam,  
(Encourag'd by your smiles) that may appear  
Like merit.

*Jul.* I no ways doubt it : all my discourse  
Was to withdraw you from Love-Lethergie,  
Fondness, and Chamber-courtship. It is poor  
For men to say they love, and give no proof  
Of their affections : I would have you  
Rather by actions than by words subdue.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

## Scœna Secunda.

*King, Terræfilius, Valerio, Maligno.*

*Ter.* **Y**OU must be speedy, Sir, when Treason doth  
Assume so bold a front to shew her self  
I' th' open field : Delays are dangerous :  
So many minutes as you let them breathe  
The sweet air of repose, so many men  
You arm against your self. The Peoples love  
Unto the Prince (which gives their courage wings  
Soon as they hear him in a seel'd posture)  
Will move them all to flee unto his aid.  
Traytors like Foxes should be hunted still :  
Though in the chase of every other beast  
The Huntsman gives a Law to save their life,  
He never spares the Fox : th' application's easie.

*F.*

*King.* Thou

*King.* Thou art a just Adviser, and dost weigh  
In Wisdomes scale the safety of thy Prince.  
We have too much consider'd, too little done :  
Our Counsels henceforth shall be dress'd in Acts  
Soon as conceiv'd. The Traytors shall no longer  
Triumph by our sloth. How strong are we ?

*Ter.* But yet six thousand ; most of them compell'd,  
Which shews their small affections to their King ;  
And how their souls, although their body's prest  
Unto your service, with your son Victory :  
I dare not call him Prince, since he forsook  
Allegiance to your Majesty : before,  
He was the very Idol of my soul ;  
But when he forsook Vertue, I left him.

*King.* Honest *Calisto*, we'll finde a time to recompence thy  
love.

*Ter.* If you forget, I'll finde a time my self.

[*Enter Valerio,*

Here comes my Lord *Valerio* ; I beseech  
Your Majesty to hasten his dispatch :  
I can't conceive you safe whilst your General's in Silk.

*Val.* I have us'd all diligence, yet cannot learn  
With any certainty which way the Prince  
Hath steer'd his course : two Scouts are new return'd  
As ignorant as when I sent them forth.

*Ter.* This falls unluckily ; he must be remov'd,  
Or all the Politick Wheels within this Scull  
Are at a stand.

*King.* What's to be done, *Calisto* ?

*Ter.* Why, let the Army march.

*Val.* But whither ?

The Station of the Prince is yet unknown.

*Ter.* It is impossible !

*Val.* That frown, *Calisto*, might be spar'd :  
Please your Majesty a word in private.

*Ter.* All my designs are strangled in their birth,  
A Pox on Fortune, and her Lady Humours :

*Must*

Must these dull Brains be useless in extreams,  
When they should be more active then a flame,  
Consume to ashes every obstacle

That stands between me and my dearest hopes?

*King.* I am convinc'd; you shall defer your march.

*Val.* It were too much unsafe for me to march

At any distance from your Majesty:

For soon as th' Enemy doth hear which way  
I move, they may retain some petty force  
To allure me on, and keep me there in Play,  
Whilst their main body, nearer your sacred  
Person, may appear to disturb your Peace,  
And terrifie your people.

*King.* 'Tis true, our own security must first be studied.

*Ter.* What easie Arguments seduce a timorous Prince!  
I'll follow the stream a while, that I may turn the current  
with more ease. *Maligno, the News?* [Enter

*Maligno* hastily.

*Mal.* Soft, Sir, 'tis for your Master.

*Ter.* Prethee be less a States-man: come, reveal.  
To me, dear Camerade, this Nicety?

*Mal.* It must not be purchas'd with fair words; it is a  
News beyond the price of Gold. An' please your Majesty!

*Ter.* Fie, be not impudent; you see the King is busie with  
the General. Well, I could tell thee that concerning thy Mi-  
stres might deserve a Novelty.

*Mal.* What, of my *Livia*?

*Ter.* And of another within thy knowledge, to whom she  
doth more favours then ever City-wise bestow'd upon her  
Husband at midnight, when she had made him Cuckold the  
day before.

*Mal.* But canst thou give me proof?

*Ter.* Yes, visible proof; and that's the certainest: I think  
it concerns thee, if thou art so near marriage as rumour gives  
out.

*Mal.* Dear *Calisto*, thou'lt oblige me thine; and for the No-  
velty thus, a Scout is new come in, that brings advice of

two thousand men in Arms in *Calabria*, headed by the Prince.

*Ter.* Enough; be gone; observe your Mistress well: I'll keep my word: observe *Lussurio* too; I say no more.

*Mal.* I ever fear'd that Smock-smelling Rascal: if I had but heart enough to cut his throat, it were some satisfaction; for on my conscience he'd make no resistance: the danger would be, if the sight of his blood should turn my stomach, I shall go near to swoon, or else perfume the Palace: I'll consider on't. [Exit.

*King.* Is this intelligence true?

*Ter.* *Maligno* so affirms: the Scout's arriv'd, And says he saw four thousand men in Arms All well appointed; that they did encrease Their numbers dayly. I must spur his fears With dangers (though no truths) to hasten *Valeri's* journey.

*Val.* If you esteem it necessary, Sir, I'll march to night, and leave my carriages Behind to follow me. I have made choice Of *Hortensio*, if your Majesty Think fit, for my Lieutenant.

*King.* He's an honest Soul; so's *Frangypant*, Though somewhat tainted with his Poetry; Take him along, the Wars may cure him, Or at least wake him from these idle dreams, Off-spring of ease and love.

*Val.* The War's a Noble School.

*Ter.* For honest Vertuous Souls.

*Val.* You are a man of peace, *Calisto*; want faith to ward a Bullet.

*King.* He can make War by's brain: but we loose time; I'll give you some instructions, and dispatch you: Spare not the Traytors, though the chief's our Son, But look on them as Rebels to our Throne.

*Val.* I dare not be disloyal. [Exit with the King.

*Ter.* Fortune, I adore thee: these tidings came Just in the nick of time: when my dull brains Were on the rack for some neat stratagem,

One favourable smile of Madam Chance  
Set all my designs in tune. He remov'd,  
My prospect level to the Princess lyes,  
No obstacle between us save my birth,  
Yet we may mix, for we are both but earth.

[Exit.

### Scœna Tertia.

*Prince like an Egyptian, Duke disguis'd, Juliana, Clariana.*

Duke. **H**AVING now brought you to the Palace-gate,  
I must commit you to your Destiny:  
The Army doth expect my swift return.

Prince. 'Tis time you now were with them: they believe  
Y'are but retired to your Country-house  
To fetch them some pecuniary supplies.  
You must continue still the false report  
Of my being gone to head some other Troops  
That lie concealed in a place remote,  
Expecting a fit opportunity  
Upon advantage to disclose themselves;  
For this will raise a terrour in the King:  
Still keep their wisest Counsels in suspense,  
That they'll be long resolving what to do:  
At worst, they will not dare employ their force  
Against our Army in Calabria,  
For fear our rumour'd forces here at home  
Should suddainly the King and Court surprize.

Duke. I shall observe all your directions,  
And make a Politick use from time to time  
Of these blanks by your Princely hand subscrib'd;  
On *Terrasiline* specially, whom I mistrust.

Prince. Let not your Zeal, my Lord, so injure him;  
Y'are both my friends; yet *Terrasiline*  
Is of so dear concern unto my Soul,

I sooner should mistrust my self then him.  
 Nature hath molded all his faculties,  
 As if she intended him fair Vertues Shrine:  
 And Education hath so strengthened  
 Those Natural Seeds of Honesty, that  
 In spite of Envy they must ever flourish.

*Duke.* I wish your confidence meet no deceit;  
 Your Nature is too Noble to mistrust:  
 But if his intimacy with the King  
 You'd justly weigh in Reasons equal Scale,  
 And how since his endearment the old King's  
 Ill-grounded Hatred to your self's increast,  
 'Twere worthy a suspicion.

*Prince.* Well, I am content to try his Loyalty.

*Duke.* I wish you finde all false: however, you'll be  
 Near enough to dive into his Policy.

[Enter Juliana, Clariana.

*Prince.* No more; here comes my Clariana, and  
 My Sister: I hope I'm far from knowledge.  
 Now, my Lord, we must but sigh a parting wish,  
 And separate.

*Duke.* Wishing your Highness safety, I am gone:  
 I hope to meet you next time on your Throne.

*Prince.* Not whilst my Father lives: for I would prove  
 Not Heir unto his Kingdome, but his Love. [Exit Duke.

*Jul.* I am glad howe'er my Brother is escap'd,  
 Since that the King design'd him for a Prison.

*Clar.* Such a restraint his Spirit could ne'er brook;  
 His Noble Soul would scorn to be confin'd,  
 And grown intemperate with injuries,  
 Might have expos'd his body unto some  
 Contagious and Pestilential Fever,  
 Or more distractive Melancholy kill'd him.

*Jul.* So may the Wars: thou hast not nam'd my fear,  
 Which was the secret murder of the Prince;  
 My credulous Fathers nature being apt  
 By bloody Villains to be workt upon.

But

But now my Brother hath a spacious field  
To justify his innocence, or die  
In the Bed of Honour.

*Clar.* Die! dear Madam: that word's destructive to us all.

*Jul.* He was not born immortal, *Clariana*:  
We all must die: Death is to none a shame,  
But those whose vicious lives do merit blame.

*Prince.* I honour thy bravery of spirit:  
My *Clariana*'s more effeminate,  
Fit for loves Dulcet charms; yet is her Soul  
With Vertues much enrich'd, though Pity most  
Within her Breast her Excellence may boast.

[*He goes to them.*]

*Hail, gentle Ladies, you both are  
Much less fortunate than fair:  
I read a sorrow on your brow,  
And by a secret knowledge know  
The true cause of all your woe.*

*Clar.* What's this? a Soothsayer?

*Jul.* One that pretends to Augury it seems: I'll try his  
*Art.* [Takes her by the hand.]

*Prince.* Sacred Madam, as you stand,  
This appears a Princess' band:  
Mars and Venus do conjoin  
Here within this amorous Line;  
By which Art doth make us know,  
You affect Valerio.

*Jul.* A strange knowledge, *Clariana*!

*Clar.* It amazes me.

*Jul.* Pray proceed.

*Prince.* By this Triangle, Mars his square,  
He should now be gone to th' War;

*And*

*And by this same Line of Life,  
 You may live to be his Wife.  
 Though he be gone with bloody mind,  
 He shall ne'er your Brother find:  
 His aim is War, Blood his intent,  
 Yet in his soul he's innocent.*

*Jul. Stranger still!*

*Prince. In your ear, Madam, by the way,  
 One thing I have more to say:  
 'Tis in your power to command,  
 And withbold Valerio's hand:  
 Use your interest; do this good,  
 Save your Lover, and much blood;  
 Else on you will lie the guilt  
 Of all the blood that's to be spilt.*

*Clar. Take his counsel, Madam: for sure his Art's  
 Divine, and he by th' Gods from Heaven sent  
 Our dangers to foretel, our griefs prevent.*

*Jul. Most learned Sir, let us entreat your stay,  
 That we may yeild just honours to your Art.*

*Prince. Madam, you shall command it.*

*Jul. You honour us, whilst we enjoy your skill;  
 We're careless of our fate, and fear no ill.* [Exit.

### Scœna Quarta.

*Terrasilius, Luffurio, Maligna; Prince, Clariana.*

*Tor. 'Tis as I tell thee: she loves thee dearly; dozes on  
 thee almost to death.*

*Luf. Dear Calista, may I credit this? Livia love me!*

*Ter. Thou art the very Idol of her soul;*

*Her*



Her Titular Saint. As I was walking  
Two hours since behind the Mirtle-Grove  
Under a *Cypress* Tree, I *Livia* spied  
In such a posture, as I soon did guess  
Love was the cause of her retirement.  
Which moved my curiosity to draw  
Nearer, where, undiscern'd, I over-heard  
Her thus complain unto her self: *Livia*,  
How hard's thy fate, to be belov'd by one  
Unworthy of thy love; and to affect  
*Lussurio*, dear *Lussurio*! With which  
Her tears so plentifully flow'd, they stop't  
A while her Speech, but taking truce with grief.

*Lus.* What follow'd then, my dear *Calisto*?

*Ter.* She said, I must devise some way to let him know I  
love, and how withal I hate *Maligno*; betwixt whom and  
me, Nature hath plac'd such an Antipathy, I cannot live till  
he's destroy'd, and by *Lussurio*.

*Lus.* I would I had the heart, I'd do it straight, and merit  
her.

*Ter.* 'Tis a strange longing, Sir! but Womens appetites  
are very exorbitant, especially when they're in love.

*Lus.* It is her longing moves me.

*Ter.* Nay, y'are oblig'd in conscience, since she loves you,  
and hateth for your sake *Maligno* thus.

*Lus.* Nay, I'd do it willingly but for two rubs; the dan-  
ger, *Calisto*, and a certain natural aversion from spilling hu-  
mane blood.

*Ter.* 'Tis considerable: but my life's at your service. Here  
he comes: observe that frown, and neglect not this opportu-  
nity to see your Mistress.

*Lus.* Ha, ha, ha! He hath received but a frothy entertain-  
ment.

*Mal.* How merry the Slave is! [Exit.

*Ter.* Hath he not cause, that triumphs in his Mistress's fa-  
vours? He hath wearied me with amorous passages: were I  
as you, I would not bear the affront.

*Mal.* Were I confirm'd, you promis'd visible proof.

*Ter.* Well remembred; make haste; you'll finde them now together: you soon may guess what men and women do in private.

*Mal.* If I finde him there, he dies.

[*Exit.*

*Ter.* Yes, fifty odd years hence. Although these Slaves Want Policy to dive in my designs, Envy may make them vigilant to mark My actions. Malice many times gives Wit; I therefore thought it Wisdome to create This difference, to keep them so employ'd In countermining of each other's love, That all my actions might pass unobserv'd. But here comes *Clariana* with the Moor: I must obscure.

[*Enter Prince,*

(*Clariana.*

*Clar.* Now we're in private, I must claim your promise.

*Prince.* Past passages I'll first relate,  
And thence the future calculate:  
You've lov'd, and been lov'd long since,  
By this same Kingdomes Heir, a Prince.

*Ter.* Say you so? I'll listen nearer.

*Prince.* Whose virtues are his crimes; the love  
The people bear him, some fears move  
Within his fathers breast: but he  
Can't be guilty of disloyalty.

*Clar.* Your speech is Oracle: let me entreat  
The Issues of our love.

*Prince.* By the influence of your Stars,  
Nought should threaten it but Wars;  
Yet in this Ascendent-line,  
Venus doth so swiftly joyn  
The God of War, that you may prove  
Most happy in the Prince his love.

(*Clar.*

*Clar.* Can you not be more positive, and tell  
Each accident that shall befall our loves?

*Prince.* 'Tis not in the power of Art,  
Such high secrets to impart:  
For tho' we read within the Skies,  
Heavens dark-bidden mysteries,  
They're so obscurely there express'd,  
That by most they are but guess'd.  
If I may judge by what's reveal'd,  
And that the Stars have nought conceal'd,  
Then this I boldly dare foretel,  
Your loves will happy prove, all well.

*Ter.* A pretty equivocating Prophet.

*Clar.* May all the Gods say, *Amen*, to your prediction!  
Could you but tell me where he now resides,  
At your own rate I would the secret buy.

*Prince.* I cannot by the Stars: for your desire  
Would too much time and study both require:  
Yet am I not so unskilful in my Art,  
But that in a short space I could impart  
A larger knowledge, and by Magick pow'r  
Transport the Prince i' th' compass of an hour  
From his conceal'd aboad: but that would wrong  
Too much his peace; the other way's too long.

*Ter.* A strange Promiser! yet I have heard that  
Magick hath rais'd dead men from the Grave.

*Clar.* Besides my thanks, as an acknowledgement  
Of your high learning, and so fam'd deserts,  
I do beseech you wear this Jewel.

*Prince.* As Vertues badge upon my breast,  
May fortune make you ever blest.

*Exit Clarina.*

*Ter. A*

*Ter.* A notable cunning Raskal ! he may be useful in my design upon the Princes love : so the plot is form'd , I'll but confirm my faith by certain questions of the particulars of my actions past, and straight employ him.

*Ter.* Hail, reverend Sir !

*Prince.* *The Stars proteſt you, what's your will ?*

*Ter.* With what a ſtate he nods ! I am inform'd  
That by laborious and unwearied ſtudy,  
You have obtain'd the ſacred ſkill  
Of Divination, and telling all futurities.

*Prince.* Your information hath not wrong'd you, Sir.

*Ter.* Might I aſſume the boldneſs to deſire  
You would inform me of ſome paſſages  
That nearly do concern me, and how therein  
I ought my ſelf to comport for to avoid  
The perils of my fate, I ſhould  
Be bountiful in my acknowledgements.

*Prince.* Lend's your hand :

*If every circle be well ſcann'd  
Within the Tablet of your hand,  
It doth moſt evidently ſhow,  
You to a Prince's bounty owe  
All that you are.*

*Ter.* The Devil's in his tongue ſure, or near it, to inform him.

*Prince.* You ſeem amaz'd,  
*But your wonder will be rais'd,  
When unto you I do relate  
How almoſt from a ſtarving ſtate  
You were advanced to this height :  
Pray then do your Advancer right ;  
Plead well his cauſe, to him be juſt,  
Or you will ſoon return to duſt.*

[Exit.

*Ter.* His knowledge ſtartles me, and more in this

Then

Then all he hath declar'd : these secrets  
Were onely known unto the Prince and me.  
H'hath a strange Genius ! I must make him mine ;  
If Gold or Promises have power to work  
Upon his dark-complexion'd face,  
I'll him corrupt : none ere resisted Gold ;  
'Twould purchase Heaven, were it to be sold.  
I'll finde him out.

[Exit.

Scena Quinta.

*Lussurio, Livia, Maligna.*

*Luss.* Denials are all vain, they must not pass for currant ;  
I am too well assur'd both of your love to me,  
and hatred to *Maligna*.

*Liv.* The last was well guest of a blind Prophet : but how  
I should love you, when, or for what, are all without my me-  
mory.

*Luss.* Your Modesty bars confession, but in your looks I  
plainly read your heart: do you remember the Mirtle-Grove ?  
Oh *Lussurio*, dear *Lussurio* !

*Liv.* Is the Fool mad ?

*Luss.* I must devise some way to let him know I love :  
Do you remember this ?

*Liv.* What should this mean ?

*Luss.* Some sparks of affection, Lady, which not stifled  
would break into a flame. To be plain, your love to me was  
over-heard ; and I being full of pity, loth that so fair a crea-  
ture should pine for me, am come to make a tender of my  
person.

*Liv.* Some Wag hath workt upon his easie faith,  
Intending to make sport, which I'll not hinder :  
I love wit a life ; there is no pleasure  
Comparable to making fools. Ha, ha, ha !

[Enter *Mal.*  
Yonder's.

Yonder's *Maligno* too: I spy him peeping:  
If I don't play my part, I am no woman. Oh ho!

*Luf.* Did not I tell you this? you must conceal  
Your love: alas, poor soul, she swoons. Dear *Livia*!

[*Feigns to swoon.*]

*Mal.* See, she's within his arms: how the Slave hugs her!

*Liv.* Oh *Lussurio*!

*Luf.* Madam, I am here, I am here to serve you, love you,  
any thing you shall command.

*Liv.* If you love me, fight *Maligno*; he's the man I hate.

*Luf.* Let me receive a warrant from your lips, and through  
seas of blood I'll swim to the performance of your will.

*Mal.* Oh the Devil, how he flavers her! Would my eyes  
were Basilisks, to look him dead.

*Liv.* I hope you'll make a noble use of this discovery: for  
had you not o'er-heard my love, it should have quite consum'd  
my heart; but since so unexpectedly you come to know it,  
dissimulation's vain. So I commit *Maligno* to your fury.

[*Lussurio shakes her by the hand.*]

*Mal.* What a lecherous gripe was there! Would this  
Blade were in thy Guts to cool thee: If wishes could de-  
stroy, or curses kill, I'd be reveng'd of all my enemies.

*Luf.* Account him dead: he is so base a Coward, I'll use  
no other VVeapon then my looks.

*Liv.* God-a-mercy Fear: he dares not look upon a sword:  
Ha, ha, ha! what a rare Duel will these *Herculean* spirits make!  
I shall guess your love by your sudden execution.

[*Exit Livia behind the Scene.*]

*Luf.* Thunder destroys not quicker then my rage:  
He comes! Ha, ha, ha!

*Mal.* Y'are very pleasant, Sir: fools laugh at shadows.

*Luf.* If I laugh, I have cause: so wise men laugh at fools.  
You saw *Livia* here, a pretty Maid, and of a handsome for-  
tune.

*Mal.* And what of her? did she tickle your spleen?

*Liv.* Perhaps all men are not of the same complexion: I  
may be worth her smiles, whilst others seem toads in her eyes.

*Mal.* I

*Mal.* I seem a Toad?

*Luf.* *Baso*, I've said.

*Mal.* Enough to consume thee, Seondrel.

*Luf.* Ha, ha, ha! sure now they'll draw.

*Mal.* But that I scorn to stain my sword in blood  
So base, I'd spit thee for this injury.

*Luf.* I wear Steel, *Maligno*; and in a cause like this,  
VVherein my love to *Livia* is concern'd.

*Mal.* Thy love to *Livia*, Slave?

*Luf.* Yes, and her love to me.

*Liv.* Now they'll fight, or never.

*Mal.* I can no longer: Draw!

*Luf.* But that you know I lately breath'd a vein,  
You durst as well wade through the Ocean  
As breathe that sound.

*Mal.* Could I but spy a loose seam! for if I kill him not  
out-right, he'll gasp with such an horrid countenance, it will  
disturb my dreams a twelve-month after. I say, Defend thy  
self.

*Luf.* This is dishonourable, and base, to make a pass at a naked man.

*Mal.* Draw then! I'm resolv'd.

*Luf.* I'll suck thy soul through a Tobacco-pipe, and blow  
thee with a breath to the Infernal Lake.

*Mal.* How the Rogue quakes! he dares not look upon a  
sword, and I dare as well be hang'd as use one.

[*Livia comes out.*]

*Liv.* Now Champion, perform bravely my command.

*Luf.* I am engag'd: she will not have the heart to see me  
bleed.

[*Draws.*]

*Mal.* How's this? He draws.

*Luf.* I'll make thee a bleeding sacrifice to this Ladies  
wrath.

*Mal.* He has courage too: Love hath conjur'd up his Va-  
lour sure: I am the same in love and hatred, a Coward still;  
but rather then loose her thus, I'll wink; for fighting so, I shall  
not see my danger.

Come:

Come on!

[*Being both ready to make a pass, Mus-*

*Luf.* Sa, fa.

[*sick sounds for the Kings entrance.*

*Mal.* Make way for the King; bear back there.

*Luf.* Void the Room; the King's a coming.

*Liv.* Any excuse serves Cowards: this Jest shall to the Princess. [Exit.

## Scœna Sexta.

*King, Terrasilius, Prince, Lussurio, Maligno.*

*King.* **Y**OU are all dull and negligent, or else  
It were impossible a Traytor should  
Lie thus conceal'd within our Territories.

*Ter.* Upon my life 'tis but an idle fear,  
A vain report spread by the Enemy,  
To discompose your Council, and suspend  
The execution of your just revenge.

*King.* It cannot be: by Letters from the Camp  
VVe have receiv'd assur'd intelligence  
Our Son's not there, and that the Duke commands  
As General.

*Ter.* The last may be: but that your son's not there,  
My faith cannot digest: It is too gross.  
Please but your Majesty a little weigh  
In Reason's balance ev'ry circumstance,  
You'll soon perceive th' impossibility  
Of the Princes lying hid, at the least  
VWith any power, either capable  
To disturb your peace, or awake your fears.  
An Army's not cover'd with a Bushel,  
Nor circumscrib'd i' th' compass of a Cave:  
Might I be worthy to advise you, Sir,  
Your Army should all march: for that small part  
The General did take with him along,



At best can onely keep your Foes in play,  
Not conquer them. 'Tis good, Sir, to make sure :  
Whilst Treason breathes, no Prince can be secure.

*King.* We will consider on't.

[*Enter Prince.*

*Ter.* Let me offer one consideration more.

*Luf.* This Magician can resolve me whether my love shall be  
successful. See ! *Maligno's* at it : May *Saturn* and *Diana*  
have been in Conjunction at thy Nativity, and just in Oppo-  
sition to *Venus*, to cross thy affections.

*Prince.* *Saturn* doth so much command  
Within the tablet of your band,  
And crosses every Planet so,  
You should be Knave and Coward too.

*Luf.* Ha, ha, ha ! his nature to an inch.

*Mal.* 'Tis rather thine : the Devil always lyes.

*Prince.* If that Rule hold, you should be Satans Ape.

*Luf.* Stoot, a rare Fellow ! how he jeers him ! Prethee  
wilt tell my fortune, and whether I shall thrive in *Livia's*  
love ?

*Mal.* Good dark-complexion'd Sir, satisfy his curiosity :  
He hath a great fancy to marriage, that goes to the Devil for a  
Wife.

*Prince.* Lend me your Paw, I must be just ;  
You are too much inclin'd to Lust ;  
Enviom, Malicious, Coward, want  
No Vice becomes a Sycophant :  
*Livia's* not to be thy Wife,  
Until thou dost amend thy Life.

*Luf.* The Devil's turn'd Friar, I think, and gives instru-  
ction.

*Mal.* Doth truth gaul you ? Ha, ha ! his nature to an  
inch.

*King.* Is he so great a Master in his Art ?

H

*Ter.* Your

*Ter.* Your Maſteſty would wonder at his ſkill :  
 His conſtant ſtudy, and deep-diving Brain,  
 Have plung'd into the ſubtilties of Art,  
 And ſearch'd the bottom of Aſtronomy ;  
 By which his knowledge is ſo far improv'd,  
 That by a ſpeculation in the Stars,  
 And other Planets that do govern us,  
 He's able to foretel our fate ; and as  
 A proof of his undoubted ſkill, although  
 A ſtranger to this State and us, he can  
 Unfold the ſecret aſtions of our life.

*King.* We'll finde a time to talk with him about  
 Our near concerns.

*Ter.* Shall I preſent him to your Maſteſty ?

*King.* Not now ; we're indispos'd : bring him  
 In private to us.

*Ter.* I ſhall, my Liege : Pleaſe you to honour him  
 With your hand in paſſing by.

*King.* Preſent him to us.

*Ter.* I've given you a high character to the King,  
 Who is diſpos'd to honour you.

*Prince.* Y're moſt obliging.

[ *He preſents him  
 (to kiſs his hand.*

*King.* Your worth is known to us already, Sir :  
 We ſhortly ſhall conſult your beſt advice  
 Concerning ſome paſſages of our life.

*Prince.* Your Maſteſties commands will honour me.

*King.* Bring him ſome two hours hence unto our Cabinet.  
*Maligno ! Luſſurio !* [Exit.

*Luſ.* So, we are call'd upon again ; a good Omen we are  
 not out of favour.

*Mal.* Since 'tis ſo well, let's ſhake hands, Brother, and  
 plot together whilſt we enjoy the Kings ſmiles, againſt *Calisto* :  
 The Upſtart is falſe-hearted.

*Luſ.* Tho' we are not perfect friends, we'll joyn againſt  
 the common enemy.

*Mal.* Content. We'll wrangle like City-Attorneys at  
 Loves.

Loves Bar, and joylike Brothers in Calisto's ruine.

[Exeunt.

*Ter.* And if your Art with th' Princeſſ doth prevail,  
As ſhe is ſuperſtitious enough  
For to be wrought (and with much eaſe) into  
A firm belief the Gods decree her mine,  
I'll make thee richer then thou'lt wiſh thy ſelf.

*Prince.* You ſhall command my Art: But, Sir, me thinks  
If you had made the motion firſt, and try'd  
Her pulſe, how to your Perſon ſhe's inclin'd,  
It had not been improper.

*Ter.* I have; but finde her more averſe unto  
My ends then Anchorites to Luſt: ſhe vow'd  
That I appear'd more loathſome to her eyes  
Then a ſwoln Toad, that betwixt things in Nature  
Moſt oppos'd, there could not be found the like  
Antipathy. By Courtſhip I deſpair  
T' obtain her love, unleſs that mine be gilt  
With ſome feign'd Piety, as a command  
Fro' th' Gods, or by affirming that  
This Match will work a Peace betwixt her Brother  
And the King: for ſhe'll ſwallow any thing  
From you, though never ſo ridiculous;  
Her faith is ſo confirmed by your Art.

*Prince.* Sir, this appears too circular a courſe;  
You wheel too much about: would you give way,  
And free me by your Power from the Law,  
By Magick Art I could compound a charm,  
Which ſoon as taſted ſhould procure love.

*Ter.* Could'ſt thou do this, thou wouldſt enſlave me to  
thee.

*Prince.* Relie on me: within this hour call for't.

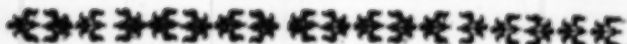
*Ter.* Perform, and I will have thee Deified,  
Then worſhip thee my ſelf.

[Exit.

*Prince.* Conſide in me. — Ungrateful Villain!  
Since thou haſt thus deceiv'd my truſt, I will  
Deſpair to finde an honeſt man. Through the

Small Pilgrimage of my life I've made search,  
 And before this could never meet a man  
 Whom I could think worthy to share my heart :  
 This I have trusted with my secret sins,  
 Try'd with all baits that might corrupt a Knave,  
 As Honour, Riches, Opportunity,  
 And still I found him honest ; no Ambition,  
 No Deceit, no Falshood, no Flattery  
 Could I ere perceive : Yet I watch'd him neer,  
 And on a suddain to have his heart beget  
 So proud a thought as marrying my sister,  
 Appears a miracle in Nature : sure  
 The Court spreads a corruption through each soul  
 Sucks in that poys'nous Air : But in this shape  
 I'll dive into his soul, and thence extract  
 Each hellish thought his brain doth hammer out :  
 For I do calculate by his discourse,  
 Some dark Designes lie hid within his breast.  
 — I'll play the Midwife, give his Projects birth,  
 Which I'll transmute to Air, but him to Earth.

[Exit..



ACTUS



## ACTUS QUARTUS.

---

### Scœna Prima.

*Pistols discharg'd within.*

*Enter Frangypant driving half a score before him,---*

*Valerio, Hortensio.*

*Fran.* **S**Laves, my *Livia* straight restore,  
Or I will swim in bloody gore  
Unto her rescue.

*Guard.* Arm, Arm!

*Within.* Arm, Arm!

*Fran.* Give to the Dukes Tent an alarm ::  
I'll cut my way unto the place  
Where you in bondage and disgrace  
My *Livia* keep : I'll set her free :  
My Sword shall give her Liberty.

*Val.* What hath the Mad-man done! h'as lost himself,

[*Enter Valerio, Hortensio, with their swords drawn.*

And desperately engag'd our ruine too :  
This comes of foolish Jest : we must make sport  
With Mad-men ! A Plague upon the brain that  
Did contrive the Letter.

*Hor.* None would have thought him such a Mad-man, as to  
engage his personal Valour amongst thousands, upon a bare  
suggestion that his Mistress was taken Prisoner.

*Val.* To what folly will not love engage men !  
But let him perish, and the fool die with him,  
So we are safe. Should th' enemy but know.

How

How small a strength we are, alarmed by  
 This fool, their roused Valours might pursue us  
 T' our very Tents, and there devour us  
 Before the body of our Army come.

*Her.* Your Excellence saith true: one desperate fool  
 May more injure a well-order'd Camp, then  
 Then Valours of a thousand can repair.  
 Yet it is pity he should perish thus:  
 The Alarm still continues: I believe  
 He is not yet destroy'd; would your Excellence  
 Give way, I would endeavour with a Troop

*Val.* We may'nt engage so many lives upon  
 So desperate a designe. Go rally up  
 Our Troops, and let them take th' advantage of  
 The field. Draw them up in such a figure  
 As may best offend their enemies, and  
 Defend themselves. The Duke perhaps seeing  
 Our willingness to take the field, will judge  
 Us Masters of more strength i' th' Town.

*Her.* Your Orders shall be punctually observ'd.

[*Exit.*

*Val.* For publick safety having taken care,  
 I may bemoan my Cousins severe fate,  
 Whose soul though tainted much with Poetrie,  
 And more enslav'd to love, was of a strain  
 Noble, and valiant like his Ancestors:  
 So many Vertues did adorn his mind,  
 As for one folly may well plead's excuse.  
 All Great men, are not States-men; and if he  
 Did want some judgement to controul his wit,  
 Envy her self will say his bloody fate  
 Did buy our Pastime at too dear a rate.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

## Scœna Secunda.

*Duke, Captain.**Duke.* Did none second him?*Capt.* None.

His single courage did disarm our Guards;  
 Which having put to flight more by surprize  
 Then a judicious Valour, he boldly  
 Fronted our whole Army, and had restore  
 His *Livia*: whereat we stood amaz'd,  
 Whilst he (as if some Fury had possess'd  
 His Arm) broke through our Troops, where like  
 A God of War he cut his way:  
 For all our faculties were so employ'd  
 In admiration of the bold attempt,  
 We let our selves be slain; until a Fellow  
 Of a duller soul, and quite incapable  
 Of admiration, shot him through the head.

*Duke.* 'Twas pity so much Valour should be wed:  
 To so much indiscretion: did he die  
 Immediately upon the Wound?

*Capt.* No, my Lord:

Having with sighs bemoan'd his Mistress fate,  
 Condemn'd his Courage, and his Fortune curs'd.  
 For setting of this period to his life  
 Before he had his *Livia* enlarg'd,  
 He did begin to faint, and thereupon  
 Two of our skilfull'st Chyrurgeons were call'd  
 To sound the Wound: which they so mortal found,  
 And him with loss of blood so faint, they judg'd  
 Him dead, as in effect he was, when on  
 A suddain, as if another soul were  
 Shot into's breast, his cheeks began to wear  
 The Livery of Life, and by their scarlet

Tincture:

Tincture did proclaim that his remaining blood  
Did yet sustain his Vital parts.

*Duke.* When Nature was so strong, could not their Art  
Preserve him?

*Capt.* It was impossible: for all our hopes  
Were but meer lightnings before his death.  
As you have seen a poor departing snuff  
A while burn dim, and on a sudden blaze,  
Then droop again, then blaze, and quite go out:  
So he would seem almost reviv'd, and vent  
Poetick Raptures of so high a strain,  
As all did judge him in *Elizium* then.  
In fine, he did our wonder and our grief.

*Duke.* Poor Gentleman! I much condole his fate;  
He doth deserve our pity, not our hate.  
See that his Obsequies be well perform'd,  
Agreeable unto his Noble Birth.

*Capt.* I shall, my Lord.

*Duke.* And that severest Discipline be kept  
Throughout the Camp; unless the Foe assault,  
Let none presume by any Hostile act  
To exasperate the Enemy: until  
I do receive instructions from the Prince,  
I would not willingly engage: for they  
Who venture all, should with much caution play.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENA Tertia.

*Terrasilius, Prince, Juliana, Clariana.*

*Ter.* **T**Is in your power to oblige me, Sir,  
And build your self a fortune: I shall less  
Doubt your performance of our will, because  
Your interest is link'd with mine.

*Prince.* Were



*Prince.* Were there no other motive than the Trust  
You do impose upon my faith, it were  
A bond inviolable: but ye are my Lord,  
Patron, indeed the Basis of my fate.  
Judge not my heart, Sir: By this sable Busk,  
I wear my blackest Livery in fight;  
Within, my soul's all innocent and white.

*Ter.* I am confirm'd: make but the Princess mine,  
And to thy Art I will erect a Shrine. [Exit.

*Prince.* I'm your creature: the whirlpool of his heart  
Is bottomless; I cannot sound the depth;  
Yet I perceive a mass of confus'd ills  
Lie there upon a heap, expecting a  
Fit time to take their shapes: some deep designe  
In Embryon lies, as yet unripe for birth:  
But he's so Politick, that by no means  
Can I obtain the knowledge; yet sometimes  
(As my distrust makes me observe him still)  
He'll speak suspiciously, as if he were  
Ambitious of a Crown, and did aspire  
Beyond my Sisters love, as if he meant  
To raise his fortune upon my descent.  
It must be so: but I'm resolv'd to try  
How far the bargain's drove 'twixt him and Hell;  
For he's much Devil since he came to Court.  
But here's my sister, she must first be try'd,

[Enter Juliana, Clariana.

And so must *Clariana* too: 'Tis just  
Being once deceiv'd, that I should all distrust.

*Jul.* I did long since suspect my Brothers love  
By 's frequent Visits to the Duke, and am  
Much pleas'd in the discerning choice he made  
In you: for believe me, *Clariana*,  
I am proud to call your Beauty Sister.

*Clar.* Your expressions, Madam, rather teach me  
What to desire, then shew me what I am,  
Ever a servant unto your Excellence.

The stile of Sister is an Epithet  
My humble birth and fortune dare not hope ;  
And yet to doubt it, such a Treason were  
To th' Princes vertue and integrity,  
I should deserve to perish through despair ;  
And whilst I doubt his love, by 's hatred die.

*Jul.* Your love's too hard a Riddle to finde out :  
You dare not hope, and yet you dare not doubt.

*Clar.* I dare not doubt his love, nor build my hope  
Upon the merit of my own deserts ;  
Yet my demerit by his bounty may  
Be elevated to a height : his love's  
Capable to create within my soul  
All those Seraphick Vertues which the Gods  
Enrich the souls of Monarchs with. My grief's,  
The world should think my loves to's Title's linkt,  
When 'tis his Vertue onely charms my soul :  
His Star-like Minde's the thing I doat upon,  
And superstitiously adore.

*Prince.* With what a Zeal she doth unvail her heart !  
Though I forswore hereafter to confide  
In any Mortal, I can't her distrust.

*Jul.* Grieve not your self: the world will soon discern  
Your love's unfeign'd, by your so deep concern.

*Clar.* You too much honour me in your belief  
Of my unfeigned love ; and as for those  
Whose self-deceit doth teach them to mistrust,  
I shall convince them by my tears ; and if  
The Prince (the Gods avert so great an ill)  
Should meet with a sinister fate, my death  
Shall register to all succeeding time,  
A Woman once did love, and faithfully !

*Prince.* That Miracle would scarcely gain belief :  
Yet if any o' the Sex e'er-guilty were  
Of Constancie, this Lady must be she.  
In gen'ral Rules there some exceptions be :  
But I'll accost them.

*Ladies,*

*Ladies, I wish the Stars may still  
Be propitious to your Will.*

*Jul.* Your wishes do deserve our thanks.

*Prince.* Madam, laying my Oracles aside,  
I have a Message to you from a friend  
That loves you more than life : for with his soul  
He'd purchase your affection.

*Jul.* What should this mean ? he speaks no canting  
Language. Proceed, Sir, to his Name.

*Prince.* That secret must not be communicated  
To any but your self.

*Jul.* This Lady shares my counsels : be bold, and name  
him.

*Prince.* But first, I must entreat you to resolve  
These two Queries, Whether your heart be still  
Your own, or predispos'd unto some secret Love.

*Jul.* Your question's somewhat sawcy : to the next.

*Prince.* Pardon, Madam, if I deliver in  
Too blunt a phrase my Embassie : I was  
Not bred an Orator : but I'll proceed.  
If in the Book of Fate it were decreed  
That you must marry the Ingrateful'st Knave,  
The Bloodiest Villain, and most Devil-man,  
Or see the total ruine of your State,  
Your Brothers Martyrdom, your Fathers death,  
With the destruction of your Family,  
Which would you first embrace ? that Monster Man,  
Or the immediate ruine of your Race ?

*Jul.* I had rather hazard all, a thousand ills  
Besides those you have nam'd, then in a thought  
Be guilty of such crimes : the greatest good  
That's purchas'd with a sin, is too dear bought.  
But I suppose, Sir, that your Queries were  
A meer device to dive into my thoughts :  
Your Art is built on cunning more than truth.

*Prince.* Upon my Life these dangers menace both  
The State and your whole Family, unless  
You marry this same man.

*Jul.* Ha, ha, ha! he hath a Name.

*Prince.* Do not deride my Art, unless that I  
Employ my utmost power to oppose  
*Calisto's* fortune: Madam, that's his Name:  
These evils will ensue.

*Jul.* Still more ridiculous!

*Clar.* Was't he we laugh at in the Gallery?

*Jul.* Yes, that formal Coxcomb, that would needs make  
love to us, hath sec'd this Fellow for his Advocate.

*Clar.* Oh do not injure him, his knowing soul  
May hold a strict intelligence with fate.

*Jul.* The Gods are too just t' impose such cruelties.

*Prince.* My Mistress is of a more easie faith; [Aside.]  
But 'tis her Zeal to Vertue: Superstition  
Is Religions Fool. Madam, you would  
Not be so obstinate, should the Kingdoms  
Safety depend upon your love, to scruple  
Change.

*Clar.* The world should rather perish than I  
Redeem it by Inconstancy.

*Prince.* Y'are generous both, Ladies of noble souls;  
I admire you.

*Jul.* Whither will this man?

*Prince.* Since I have found you both such great examples  
In Vertues, generous beyond your Sex,  
I'll put my life into your hands. Know, that  
By th' Prince your Brother I am here employ'd.  
To propagate his Interest in this Court:  
For doubting of *Calisto's* faith, (as he  
Hath cause: for it is evident that false  
Favourite endeavours on your love, and  
On your Brothers ruine, to build himself  
A fortune) he sent me hither to dive  
Into his soul, which I have done with all.

The policy I could, yet cannot sound  
Its depth. Would but your Highness feign a kinde  
Concurrence with his love, (thereby heightened  
In his hopes) he would explain himself.  
Prosperity makes men bold; but joy'd with love,  
All thoughts of danger it will quite remove:  
Drunk with ambition, he'll his thoughts disclose;  
Grasp at the shadow, and the substance lose.

*Jul.* I would do much to serve my Brother, but  
I'm yet unsatisfi'd of your commission:  
You may prove some great Impostor, perhaps,  
One of *Calisto's* creatures, hither come  
To teach me first to feign, and then consent:  
But I'll distrust, and then I sha'n't repent.

*Prince.* This Ring is my Commission.

*Clar.* Y'are my Lord the Prince.

[*She runs to*

*him, and embraces him.*

*Prince.* Madam, what do you mean?

*Clar.* Do not disguise your self: y'are either he,  
Or else his Murtherer: for with that Ring  
He swore he'd never part whilst he had life.

*Prince.* Nor will he, *Clariana*.

*Clar.* My dearest Lord!

*Jul.* My Princely Brother!

*Prince.* I could divide my self between you two:  
You share my heart and love. But see where comes  
That curst *Calisto* to prevent our joys.

[*Enter Terraslim.*

Dear Sister, for my sake assume the shape  
Of Love: flatter his credulous ears with  
Sugred hopes, till from the very centre  
Of his heart each secret we extract,  
And punish him according to his fact.

*Jul.* I'll do my best to serve you.

*Prin.* Dear *Clariana*, I must wish a kiss,  
And take my leave.

*Clar.* The Gods protect you ever. [Exeunt *Jul. & Clar.*

*Ter. Tho:*

*Ter.* The Ladies smile upon you.

*Prin.* How can they chuse, when I prefer your love?

*Ter.* Why? Was it well receiv'd?

*Prin.* At first (like a strong ship that makes the waves  
Rebound, and shew their angry foam about  
Her Ribs) she did repulse your love; whereat  
I seem'd a little to draw off, that with  
A double force I might return to storm  
Her resolution, as at last I did:  
Leaving Loves softer Theam, to which her heart  
Seem'd an Antagonist, I had recourse  
To what deceives the World, Hypocrisie;  
Which I did cloath in such a pious Garb,  
Religion might have smil'd t' have seen her self  
So Ap'd: With pious tears I did bemoan  
Her fate, yet on my knees at the same time  
Intreat her to embrace 't, assuring her  
With a thousand imprecations, strengthen'd  
By twice as many oaths, that she'd be cause  
(In her withstanding of her Destiny)  
Of the whole ruine of her Fathers state,  
Her Brothers life, incur the Peoples hate.

*Ter.* Excellent Hypocrite! That we two might  
Incorporate, and overthrow the World  
With Policy! Was not the Princess mov'd?

*Prin.* Beyond expression: startled in her thoughts,  
Her Hate and Piety were so intermixt,  
As barr'd all resolution: You she seem'd  
To hate with all the malice of a Woman;  
Contemning your Alliance with a scorn  
Might equal *Cleopatra's*, when *Cæsar* thought  
T' have led her a base Captive unto *Rome*,  
T' adorn his Triumphs: Yet Religion,  
Mixt with a zealous fear t' offend the Gods,  
Made her more apt to listen to my words,  
Which her ears faster drunk then her confus'd  
And much perplex'd Imagination could

Digest, or indeed duly weigh. To tell  
You all her Doubts, and how I did resolve them,  
Too tedious were; suffice it that at last  
She was convinc'd.

*Ter.* But by what happy means?

Let me know every circumstance, that  
I may adore the brain which did contrive it.

*Prin.* When nothing could prevail, and I perceiv'd  
She was inclin'd with Conscience to dispence,  
And hazard all I threatned, I took a  
Pen, and straight drew a Scheme before her Eyes;  
Whereby I seem'd to calculate your Birth,  
And soon convinced her too credulous faith,  
You were a Prince led hither by the Stars,  
For the accomplishment o' th' Gods Decrees;  
Whereat she seem'd transported in her soul,  
And crediting my words, began to love.

*Ter.* Y'ave render'd me too happy: were my life  
Consum'd i' th' satisfaction of this service,  
I should still die ungrateful.

*Prin.* This service, Sir, will scarce deserve your thanks;  
Try me in something may be worth your love.

*Ter.* After this service past, what canst thou do  
May equally oblige me?

*Prince.* Sir, I can bring the Prince, the onely man  
That stands between you and your proudest hopes,  
Into your power: the old King I look on  
As a meer shadow: I know your interest.

*Ter.* The Devil hath inspir'd him with my own thoughts,  
Thou talk'st of blessings rather to be wish'd  
Then hop'd for, or effected.

*Prince.* Be not incredulous: my Art improv'd  
By my great Zeal to serve you, will make me  
Work greater Miracles.

*Ter.* Your courtesies confound me: I must crave  
Some time to prize them as I ought: but if  
I thrive in my ambitious hopes, you must  
Divide the Empire.

*Prince.*

*Prince.* Is your ambition there? Y<sup>e</sup> are somewhat wide:  
If all hit right, 'tis you that must divide, [Aside.  
But not my Crown: They that by crimes aspire,  
Should be cut short, that they may grow no higher.

*Ter.* It shall be so. Come, Sir, let's to the King,  
'Tis much about the time he did appoint.  
The Prince's death we will contrive by th' way:  
Danger doth threaten evils at a stay. [Exit.

### Scena Quarta.

*Livia, Juliana, Clariana, Lussuris, Maligna.*

*Liv.* **D**ear *Frangipani*, how noble was thy love  
To die for me! what generous sparks lie hid  
And smother'd in extravagant Fancies?  
Thy Noble death hath gain'd more then thy life  
Could ever purchase thee, my Love.

*Jul.* Prethee listen; for the Wench is run  
Distracted sure, since *Frangipani's* death,  
And so transported, that a Lord did die  
For love of her: she's quite Platonick grown,  
And doats upon his Ghost.

*Clar.* How Love doth play with Mortals!

*Liv.* Holy Soul, that gracest th' *Elixirum* shades  
With thy blest company, and rendrest us  
Unhappy by thy absence, hear my Vow:  
My Heart hereafter shall be ever thine,  
And free from all Terrestrial Love, aspire  
By thy example to become Divine,  
And flee towards thee, because it can no higher.

*Jul.* How she's exalted!

*Liv.* No Mortals touch shall ere pollute my lip,  
Nor lustful gripe provoke a wanton smile,  
Nor amorous fingers be allow'd to skip  
Into my Bosom, lest they should beguile.

Thee



Thee of my love, and me of that same part  
I'd wholly dedicate to thee, my heart.

Clar. She's high-flown in love.

Jul. A true Platonick, a very Spirit in Flesh.

S O N G.

Livia.

To love's a trifle: but to love like me,  
Would pose Loves Deity.

She best on earth's esteem'd to love,  
Doth constant't to her object prove;

But I much bigger move,  
Loving an Object though is absent be:  
In this who equals me?

But what talk I here of Equality?

As if each common man  
Might vie with Frangypane.  
Had other Lovers but a Saint like mine,  
So worthy and divine,

Their Offering too would be as high  
As mine unto his Sanity;

With what good justice can  
I tax a want of love in others then;  
Or my own Vertues raise,  
From what is onely due unto his praise?

I lov'd not's earth; nor is it I  
Now love his immortality,

But he that elevates my Soul so high.

Clar. Sure she's inspired.

Jul. With her decess'd Lovers Genius.

[Enter Lussurio, Maligno.

Clar. He spoke Raptures, and she sings them: but here  
Her living Lovers come; shall's make some sport?

Jul. Twere pleasant sure to see them fight; they'll snarl  
(they say) like Dogs at a Country-wicket, and draw their

K

swords,

swords, but 'tis so wound the Air: for if one makes a pass, the other retires. *Livia* made me the prettiest relation!

*Clar.* They look indeed as if they were of the Peace.

*Luf.* To set a period to our fatal War,  
Which might produce the shedding of much blood,  
I am content.

*Mal.* And so am I: Him that she chuses, happy be his lot.

*Jul.* *Livia*, here are those will disturb your meditations.

*Clar.* The Wench is in heaven sure already.  
Her thoughts are with *Frangipane*.

*Mal.* Do you begin.

*Luf.* The Princess is here; she'll laugh at us.

*Jul.* Let me alone, I'll warrant you some mirth:

*Lussurio!*

*Luf.* An' please your Highness.

*Jul.* Y're a diligent servant, we love you well; and having heard the love you bear our Maid of Honour, resolve to recompence your merit, by making it a Match. She is an Heiress, Sir.

*Luf.* Your Highness bounty so confounds me, I can't express my thanks: my very Soul's your slave.

*Jul.* Your modesty deserves our favour: Go, send that Fellow to us; I hear he is a Pretender: We can distinguish merit.

*Luf.* I hope so, Madam: I'll be as observant as your Puppy-Dog.

*Jul.* Mark then my beck, when thus I hold my finger.  
Cease, *Livia*: carry her to my Chappel,  
Where you shall find a Priest in readiness  
To marry you.

*Luf.* Madam——

*Jul.* No more: call him to us.

*Clar.* What means your Highness?

*Jul.* To have this Fellow beaten. *Livia's* in her dumps;  
She'll scratch his eyes out: and how *Maligoe* will comport  
him—

himself, is worth our expectation.

*Mal.* *Lussurio*, Madam, made me believe you'd speak with me.

*Jul.* They say y'are a Coward.

*Mal.* Your Highness may say your pleasure: but if there be any mortal flesh that dare traduce me, the swallowing of my sword, though he digested it, should not expiate the injury.

*Jul.* I'm glad you talk so valiantly; I ever had you in my good opinion.

*Mal.* You are pleas'd to favour your poor Vassal.

*Jul.* Could I but see one single proof of Valour,  
One fighting Action to convince my faith,  
My *Livia* should be yours: I love her well,  
And would bestow her on a deserving Person,  
Such I hope you are.

*Mal.* Oh that I had an opportunity!  
My Valour like a flash of Lightning  
Should quite consume my bold Antagonist.

[*The Princess gives the signe, Lussurio goes to snatch up Livia, who cuffs him: he runs away: Maligno coming to her rescue, she snatches out his sword.*]

*Jul.* Now shew your Valour.

[*To Maligno.*

*Liv.* Must you both affront me? though thy Companion's fled, I'll be reveng'd on thee?

*Mal.* Oh good Madam! I came to rescue you.

*Liv.* To abuse me, to disturb my peace.

*Mal.* Good Lady, suppress your fury: ask the Princess, I meant no harm.

*Jul.* He's sufficiently frightened; I'll be his bail.

*Liv.* For your sake I'll pardon him: his sword  
I'll offer up at the Sepulchre of

My dead Lord for a Trophy.

[*Exit Mal.*

*Jul.* In memory of the conquest y' have obtain'd  
Upon *Maligno's* hot affection.

Poor Wench! Time may recover her:

How prettily we entertain griefs!

*Clar.* The time had else seem'd long before the Prince  
Return'd for the Kings Cabinet.

*Jul.* I hope in that disguise he'll work his peace.

[*Enter Prince, Lussurio.*

But here he comes; with him, *Lussurio*:

He appears troubled, we had best withdraw:

I'll news will reach our ears too soon.

*Clar.* I fear so too: My panick thoughts of late  
Hold strict intelligence with the Princes fate.

[*Exeunt.*

## Scœna Quinta.

*Prince, Lussurio, Terrasilius, Maligno.*

*Prince.* **I**T is but this, when I do speak the word,  
Do you appear, and like a statue stand  
Before us, till I waft my Wand, and then  
Make your *Exit*.

*Lus.* Must it be needs in Armour? I do not love that  
dreadful posture: If there be a Looking-glass in the Room, I  
shall be afraid of my self: I had rather appear like a Fury.

*Prince.* No other shape can pleasure my designe,  
Which is, to tell you true, (you hate *Calisto*),  
And therefore with more confidence I trust you)  
To put an abuse upon him.

*Lus.* Could this be done, I were too happy: for  
Bafe *Maligno*, contrary to his Oath,

Ha-h.

Hath quite forsaken me, and cleaves unto  
His party, in hopes of gaining *Livia*.

*Prince*. In that design I'll likewise cross his ends;  
For I'll compound a potion by my art,  
Which if but tasted by your Mistress once;  
She'll doat on you with such a vehement love,  
Her life will solely in your power be:  
Then you shall see *Calisto* so much fool'd.

*Lus*. Let him be hang'd; I care not what he be:  
Make but fair *Livia* mine, I'll worship night  
In honour of your dark complexion. [Enter *Ter.* and *Mal.*

*Prince*. Think her your own. Here comes *Calisto* with  
Your Rival, I'll make them howl anon:  
You know both time and place.

*Lus*. I do: I'll immediately make my self drunk,  
To appear valiant in my martial Acoutrements. [Exit:

*Ter*. Tell her y<sup>e</sup> are sent by th<sup>e</sup> King with new Orders  
To the General: I know she'll send a Letter.

*Mal*. That's not to be doubted, for she extreamly loves  
him: but how can it advance my love?

*Ter*. For that rely on me: do but this kindness,  
And if I make not *Livia* thine,  
I'll be thy bond-slave ever.

*Mal*. You are my confidence.

*Ter*. But when you have obtain'd the Letter, let me  
See you before you begin your Journey.

*Mal*. I shall: *Livia* will sufficiently recompence all ser-  
vices.

*Ter*. Confide in me. This Plot was well design'd:  
For I shall court my Rival to his Grave;

And on the Pyram'de of all his Joy;

By his own Kisses I shall him destroy.

But see where the Magician walks! His answers

To the King were so ambiguous, that

They breed distrust: But I'll his promise urge

To let me see the Prince, from whom just now

This

This Letter I receiv'd : but first I'll see  
If he can tell the place of his abode.

*Prince.* What's that he mutters to himself? his looks [*Aside*  
Speak him displeas'd ; the contents of that Letter  
Might be worth my knowledge : but 'tis incomb'd.

*Ter.* You were very mystick in all you told  
The King ; your sence is so ambiguous,  
'Twill time require to unriddle it :  
The King is no way satisfied.

*Prince.* No matter, sir ; I study not his favour :  
His stars so threaten him, I dare not build  
My Interest on his unstable fate :  
On you my fortunes solely do depend ;  
Y' are Heavens Favourite, the Minion of  
The Stars :  
There's not a Planet threatens your designs.

*Ter.* Be a true Prophet to me, and thou shalt  
Be canoniz'd, and have Altars consecrated  
To thy name. But I've receiv'd unlucky news.

*Prince.* From the Prince ?

*Ter.* Thou art an Oracle.

*Prince.* Never fear 't : come at th'appointed hour  
To my Apartment, you shall see his figure,  
Which shall at large discover all his plots.

*Ter.* You promis'd me the substance ; to transport  
His person hither.

*Prince.* Had he been vicious, Sir, it might been done ;  
But he's so good, the holy Spiries have  
Him in protection, and preserve him from  
The force of Magick Charms : But this same spirit  
Which I intend to raise, shall both resemble  
The Prince in shape and minde, and so declare  
Those secrets that may ruine him.

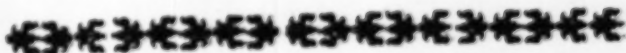
*Ter.* It is enough : I shall not fail my time ;  
Nor your Just Reward.

*Prince.* Your are too Munificent,

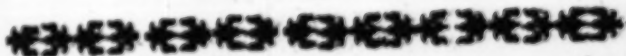
[*Exit Prince.*  
*Ter.* My

*Ter.* My heart was ne'er ungrateful: It is fit  
That to your charms I use a Counter-spell.  
You know too much of me and my designs  
To live: besides, it is not safe to trust  
A man with life, who retains the same power  
To unthronse me, as to instal me King.  
'Tis a receiv'd Maxime amongst some,  
To destroy those who have obliged them  
Beyond their power to remunerate.  
Sure 'tis a kind of gratitude, when Earth  
Cannot reward their service, to send them  
To Heaven for a recompence.  
This Man can't sadge amiss: for he is well  
Known to the Devil, should he go to Hell.

[Exit.



ACTUS





## ACTUS QUINTUS.

### Scœna Prima.

*Terrasilius, Prince, Juliana, Clariana.*

Terr. **M**Y Genius triumphs in the rare events  
 Of my success: Fortune's th' onely Goddess  
 I adore; and well she merits it. 'Twas she  
 That from a Mendicant created me  
 The bosome-friend and counsel of a Prince;  
 Whom I did follow but to serve my self,  
 Or rather he serv'd me: for my full will,  
 Like to a raging stream, bore all before it:  
 My counsel was his Guide, and I the Minion  
 Of his Soul. From this so happy estate,  
 Fortune advanc'd me to a great Kings ear;  
 Whence I did suck advantage to my self,  
 Leaving a poison to infect the State.  
 Fortune's in fine assistant to my Rise,  
 The Princes death is plotted in this Brain:  
 His Sisters Love entitles me the Heir  
 Unto this Kingdome: yet to make all sure,  
 I have dispatcht *Maligus* to the Camp,  
 With Letters so exquisitely poyson'd  
 By a Mountebank, *Valerio* dies in reading  
 Their contents, and I live unsuspected.  
 The Princess lines must cut his line of Life;  
 To him they'll give a Grave, to me a Wife.

But



[Enter Prince, Juliana, Clariana.]

But here comes my Familiar! how he works  
For my advantage! I will stand aside.

Prince. I hope your Letters will so far prevail  
Upon *Valeria*, that he'll straight unite  
His forces with the Duke, and both return  
To inform the King how much he is abus'd  
By *Calisto*, and other Sycophants.

Jul. Let not your fancy nourish the least doubt:  
*Valeria's* heart is so at my command,  
I steer it as I please: continue you  
Your wonted practice to amuse the Court,  
And so avoid suspicion.

Prince. You are my dear Instructress.

Clar. Yonder's *Calisto*: his jealous thoughts will put  
A bad construction on your Complements.

Prince. 'Tis true; I saw him not: Sister, your seign'd  
Kindness must make amends for all.

Jul. I will endeavour to play the Hypocrite.

Ter. Brave active Slave! what way he makes for my Address!  
I'll advance towards them: As I live, the smiles upon me.  
He that neglects so fair a summons, deserves to perish  
in his hopes; and from the highest Pinacle of Fortune,  
fall to Destruction.

Prince. He advances: Now play your part.

Ter. Being emboldened, Madam, by your smiles,  
I come to make a tender of my love,  
To sacrifice unto those eyes, a heart  
That bears no other figure then your form,  
Nor craves no other Mistress then your self.  
Accept it, Madam; and wish it receive  
All faith, all love, service and constancy  
Your hopes can fancy, or your self desire.

Jul. So rich a gift no Princess should refuse,  
Nor shall you find me obstinate: for when  
I am confirm'd your love is such as you  
Deliver it, 'twill be no miracle

To give upon me an exchange of hearts :  
Till when, I shall suspend my thoughts.

*Ter.* You are a Mine of Goodness, and when my Stars  
Shall make me happy by enjoying you,  
My faculties shall wholly be employ'd  
In your advancement. No Kingdom shall lie  
Within the prospect of your sight, which you  
Can wish, and not command: This pow'ful Arm  
(Strengthened by the Magick of your smiles)  
Shall make our Neighb'ring petty Princes know.  
At *Juliana's* Will they all must bow.

*Jul.* I doubt not, Sir, your Generosity;  
But I am not ambitious: My thoughts  
Ne'er cover'd anothers right: This Throne  
May falsifie both me and you.

[Exit with Prince, *Clarianna*.

*Ter.* She's gone: but her last words are deeply here

Engrav'd. *This Throne may satisfy both me*

*And you! Oh silver-sounding words! beyond*

*The Musick of the Sphæars! A harmony*

*Beyond the Divine Notes of Orpheus!*

*He mov'd the savage Beasts and Trees to dance;*

*But her sweet Accents might inspire them with*

*Discourfivè Souls, teach them Ambition first;*

*And then to sway the Earth. He thinks I go*

*My self upon a Throne, and th'admiring*

*Multitude envying at my fortune, to bless*

*Yet doing homage to the thing they curse:*

*If in Idea 'tis so brave a thing*

*To Rule and Govern like a God on earth,*

*What Heaven then must the fruition be!*

*But I shall loose my self in idle dreams:*

*There's one stroke more before I reach this pitch*

*My Title must be dip't i' th' Prince his Blood;*

*Only his death makes my Pretension good.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Hortensia, Maligno, Officers, Valerio, & brings  
in a chair, Physician.*

*Hor.* **T**He General's poyson'd: it must be so:  
Sudden Distempers that are naturally  
Cannot produce in two minutes space such  
Grievous symptoms.

*Mal.* You speak as if you did suspect the Princess.

*Val.* I broyl alive; Wildfire's in my scull;  
I burn, I burn: Give me a Sea of loe,  
Chrystal dissolved, A Dish of Virgins Tears  
To quench the flames I feel.

*Hor.* Dear General, how did the evil seize you?

*Val.* I know not: sure it is some punishment  
Inflicted by the Gods for Idolizing  
Of these Lines, these so Divine Characters,  
Which I no sooner did approach my Lips,  
But my soul met them, and did thence convey  
Into my scull this torment worse then Hell.

*Hor.* Let the Paper be examin'd, Sir;  
It may contain some Hell-brod poison.

*Val.* No, no, it can't; it from the Princess came:  
Do not prophane that sacred innocence.  
Let me alone! why do you make me live  
To adde unto my torments? I'll speak no more:  
Pray let me bury all my griefs in silence.

*Hor.* Sir, here's the Doctor.

*Val.* Death is the best Physician: Let me sleep:  
A quiet Grave to ease me of this pain,  
Were Paradise.

*Physician.* Take comfort, Sir: I have an Antidote  
Which doth by a Special Quality  
Resist all Poyson.

*Retreats*

L 2

*Val.* Can

*Val.* Can men take comfort in the midst of flames?  
 Bathe thy own body in a Cauldron of  
 Boyling Oyl, and then preach comfort! Swallow  
 Molten Lead, and tell me then of comfort!  
 My torment's much more exquisite.

*Mal.* Alas, poor Gentleman! it grieves my heart  
 To see him thus.

*Val.* Who's he that grieves? Oh let me hug him!  
 My very Embrace will straight dry up his Tears.

*Hor.* Is there no cure?

*Physitian.* I fear there's none: The Poyson is so deadly,  
 It hath already stin'd his Vital parts.

Cannot you guess who did administer it?

*Hor.* Not with much certainty: on the receipt  
 Of that same Paper his disease began.

*Physitian.* Might it not be procur'd to make essay  
 If it were Poyson'd?

*Hor.* It came from the Princess; he'll not part with't;  
 He storms and rages if we but suspect it:  
 How still he is! he sleeps sure.

*Physitian.* I fear his last: mark, but how pale he looks!

*Hor.* He's gone indeed! Farewel, thou Noble Soul!  
 Thou Mars of Arms! Belov'd in War and Peace!  
 'Mongst all Deaths Triumphs he shall never boast,  
 T' have grac'd Elyzium with a Nobler Ghost.

*Physitian.* 'Twere fit enquiry were made about the  
 Murther.

*Hor.* 'Tis very fit; and that we should secure  
 That Fellow who brought the Letter.

*Physitian.* Upon a Dog I'll the experience make:  
 Whether it be poyson'd.

*Hor.* Good Doctor, have a care, and fold it up  
 At distance from your Nose: for that same Villain——

*Mal.* I fear you not: I have a Motto above your pow'r,  
*Innocence is my Defence.*

*Hor.* And may that clear you: I seek not Blood,  
 But Justice.

*Mal.* Unless

*Mal.* Unless he light upon the Name, I'm safe;  
For that is onely poyson'd: I hope  
*Valerio* hath lickt the Venome off.

*Hor.* Captain, to your care I do commit  
*Maligno*: see him safe, as you'll answer't.  
Next, let's convey the Body in; where, in  
Martial Accoutrements, let it be expos'd  
To Publick View, till every Souldier  
Hath dropt a tear: then it shall be interr'd:  
With all the great Solemnity of War:  
In which, whilst living, he took such delight;  
'Tis just, that dead, he have a Souldiers right.

[*They bear him off.*]

---

Scœna Tertia.

*Prince in Magical Robes, Lussurio in Armour, Terrafilius;  
King, Guards, Juliana, Clariana.*

*Prince.* **Y**OU know your Question; and being examin'd,  
The Answer you must make.

*Lus.* In all I'm perfect.

*Prince.* Withdraw then; I hear him coming.

[*Enter Terrafilius.*]

Your Lordship is most welcome.

*Ter.* My curiosity was such, I could not miss my time.

*Prince.* You're indeed somewhat before your hour;  
But not before I am prepar'd to serve you.  
Twelve tedious hours are already spent  
In Exorcisms, and enchanting Charms:  
My Robes I've thrice with Ceremony chang'd;  
Every Circle of deep Magick trac'd;  
I've div'd in Horours as profound as Hell;  
Summon'd to Council the Infernal Furies;  
Seen Mysteries this Night would shake and chill:  
The blood of any common man to Ice,

And

And all to serve my Lord :

*Ter.* But, my best Genius, canst thou perform ?

*Prince.* Else I should curse my studies, and despise  
My Art. In this Circle, my Lord, stand you  
Secure, and neither move nor speak to what  
You see: for then you'll break my Covenant  
With Hell, and ten thousand Furies with horreur  
Will upon you seize, and toss your Carcase  
Upon the bosome of a Northern storm,  
There to be ground to Atomes.

*Ter.* I shall be circumspet.

*Prince.* Observe your station then.

[*He wasts his Wand thrice.*

*By Acheron, the River Styx,  
And all the space that is betwixt  
That and the bot Infernal Lake,  
Where Cerberus his Sop doth take;  
Infernal Pluto keeps his Court,  
And with fair Proserpine doth sport;  
I do conjure fierce Radamant,  
Æcus, Minos, Hell's Pursuant,  
The compass of the earth to trace,  
And bring the Prince unto this place  
Within the twinkling of an eye.*

[*A Man rises like a Spirit.*

*Spirit.* His Vertue bars that liberty:  
But if that thou no more wilt claim,  
Then Hell promise'd: in Pluto's Name  
It shall be done.

*Prince.* His shadow you'll afford ?

*Spirit.* You know the Devil never broke his word.  
I'll send his shadow straight: wase thrice your Wand,  
And what you wish shall be at your command.

[*The Spirit descends. Enter Lussurio in Armour.*

*Ter. A*

*Ter.* A pretty Incantation, and in Verse:  
If Ryme will do't, I'll see if I can pierce  
This Aery Prince: it looks as if 'twere he:  
I'm sure that I should know that Armory.  
Could I but hit him right! What, are you down?  
Can Devils die? are Spirits mortal grown?

*[He kills Lullurio. The Prince throws  
off his Disguise.]*

*Prince.* No; there's one still lives to be reveng'd on thee.

*Ter.* The Prince! Who is it then I have slain?

*Prince.* Lullurio his shadow; for which I'll be reveng'd.  
*Will it not enter?* *[He makes a Pass at Terraflum.]*

*Ter.* Thanks to my Privy Coat.

Are you so subtle, Prince? I'll try what  
Proof you are.

*[He wounds the Prince.]*

*Prince.* Treason! Murder! Treason! Oh I am slain!  
On thee, base Slave, my blood will still remain.

*[He falls.]*

*Enter King and Guard.*

*King.* Our Guard, what Outcry's this of Treason?

*Ter.* 'Tis met; Sir, and destroy'd. Finding the Prince  
Clad in this Moorish Garb for some designe  
Upon your sacred Life, I interpos'd  
Between his fury and your danger, Sir.

*Prince.* Dear Father, hear me; and next lend belief  
Unto my dying words: There's not a smile  
Within that Fellow's face, which is not Traytor.

*King.* Merciful Gods, fear up my Aged Ears;  
Put double Cataracts upon my Eyes,  
That I may neither hear nor see a son  
So treacherous.

*Ter.* I hope your Majesty'll forgive my crime:  
When your Life's in Question, I am not my self.

*King.* You merit rather a Reward:  
That Traytor will find his Hell.

*Prince.* That Villain cannot glory in my death:  
His wounds were slight, your words rip up my heart.

*King.* See him secured, and safe kept: *Custis*,  
I do commit him to thy custody.

*Prince.* A Grave must shortly, Sir, my Prison be,  
When Death shall purchase my souls liberty.  
But y<sup>e</sup> are too cruel to perplex me now,  
Since all to dying men do peace allow.

*[Juliana and Clariana at the door.]*

*Guard.* You must not enter.

*Clar.* Must not! shall *Clariana* hear her Prince  
Is slain, and stand disputing?

*King.* What noise is that without?

*Guard.* The Princess and the Dukes Daughter would have  
admittance.

*King.* Let them enter.

*[They enter: Clariana runs to the Prince.]*

*Clar.* Oh let me tear my flesh to bind those wounds!  
Madam, the Prince is slain! Where's his Murtherer,  
That I may shoot my eyes into his soul,  
Like burning Beacons to torment it more,  
Then if it were in Hell, and circled in  
With Sulphur-flames might equalize his sin?

*Prince.* Weep not, *Juliana*, for a man so worthless;  
I th' King my Fathers thoughts not worth a Fear.  
Obedience should teach thee to rejoyce,  
Since the Kings peace is purchas'd by my blood:  
Though blood of Peace an ill foundation be,  
May his Peace spring from his sons Tragedy.  
*Clariana*, I must breathe on thee a Parting  
Kiss: Poor weeping Maid, too much beloved,  
Too much unfortunate in being loved  
By one that could not solemnize thy Rites.  
Mayst thou live happy in a second choice!  
Whilst to my silent Grave I bear my love  
And injuries. Commend me to the Duke:  
Tell him, I grieve to leave on earth such an  
Angel-soul; mine can no longer bide here.

*[Exit.]*

*King.* Look to the Lady there; she swoons: Daughter,

*Me*



Methinks your love to us should rather teach you  
To congratulate our safety, then walk  
A Traytors Herse with Tears.

*Jul.* He was my Brother, Sir; and Nature must  
Resent so near a loss.

*Ter.* You had best take order for his Obsequies,  
Lest that the Rhetorick of these Ladies tears  
Excite compassion in the Multitude.

*King.* You of the Guard, convey the Body hence,  
Whilst we withdraw to consult publick safety.

*Clara.* Carry him where you please, I'll follow to  
His Grave.

[*They bear him off.*]

*Jul.* But first, 'twere fit we study on revenge:  
Live but to finish that, we'll both prefer  
Much before Life a Noble Sepulchre.

[*Exeunt Juliana and Clariana.*]

*King.* Tho' he be dead, his Treasons still survive;  
His Troops in being, and the Duke alive.

*Ter.* Those threaten little now the Prince is gone;  
He was the Pillar they depended on:  
Proclaim your pardon, and they soon will yeild;  
Yet some blood for example must be spill'd.  
Excess of mercy makes all Traytors bold:  
Had Gods no Justice, Vertue would be cold.

*King.* We'll both employ: Our severe Justice shall  
Upon the Duke and chief Commanders fall,  
Whilst extended mercy doth forgive  
All ignorant crimes, and let the Army live.

*Ter.* Mercy so us'd, doth no repentance breed;  
For you destroy Rebellion in the seed.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Scena Quarta.

*Duke, Officers, Messengers.*

*Duke.* 'Tis strange we hear not of the Prince; he has  
 I'm confident receiv'd advice both of  
*Valerio's* Death, and my approach to *Naples*.

*1 Off.* But, what's more wonderful, your Messenger  
 Returns not!

*Duke.* That doth distract me too: Me thinks he should  
 With some Advices re-dispatch him back.  
 We all are in a mist; and our designe  
 (For want of prosecution) must needs give  
 Advantage to the Enemy: for soon  
 As *Hortensio* hath notice of our March,  
 He'll rally up his forces, and pursue us.  
 From the Knight fury no less danger wiles.  
 On our March forward. Ruine will hale us in,  
 And pale Destruction like a hungry Grave,  
 Devour our Lives and Fortunes.

*1 Off.* Our case is hard indeed, to forsake hopes  
 Of safety for a certain ruine.

*2 Off.* Nay, certain safety: the resolution  
 Was too promptly made, and too soon executed.

*Duke.* You judge by the event: howe'er't succeed,  
 The stratagem was high, and the designe  
 Through-hair'd. We are not Gods, to mold our fate;  
 Or to foresee futurity of chance:  
 We but propose; 'tis they dispose of things;  
 They mold the Fortunes of the mightiest Kings.  
 What means that shout?

[A shout within.]

*1 Off.* It speaks the return, Sir, of your Messenger.

*Enter*

*Enter Messengers.*

*Duke.* You are most welcome, because long expected.  
Where are the Prince's Letters? 'Tis more then time  
We knew his minde.

*Mess.* The Prince? Alas!

*Duke.* Why dost thou stop, and wear upon thy looks  
Distractions Livery?

*Mess.* Could you but read the Tragedy wichin,  
You'd leave amazement, and transported be  
To such a highth of wonder, 'twould change you  
To a Statue; or like weeping Nisus,  
From a Fountain-top force you to distill  
A Sea of blood for tears.

*Duke.* For what most dire and fatal accident  
Dost thou prepare our ears? Is the Prince  
Discovered, and in hold?

*Mess.* In hold indeed: he's Prisoner to Death.

*Duke.* To Death!

Curst be the tongue which gave that language voice,  
Curst be the ear that did receive the sound,  
And doubly curst that guilty hand which durst  
Commit so vile a Regicide.

*Off.* Cease, good my Lord, to be so far enrag'd;  
Let us revenge before we grieve his death:  
In his just Quarrel we'll all spend our breath.

*Duke.* Noble Lieutenant, thy advice doth adde  
New vigour to my soul: My curses now  
Shall change into revenge. The Gods knew well  
How sweet that power was, therefore reserv'd  
It wholly to themselves; yet daring men  
(By petty passions mov'd) do often try  
To rob the Gods of that felicity:  
With how much justice may I then revenge  
The Prince his Murder on that damned Slave,  
Who durst in him give Vertue's self a Grave!

*Mess.* To set a sharper edge upon your swords,  
Know, that his Murtherer is high in favour  
With the King, and that it is reported  
The Princess marriage must reward the act,  
With whom he is to reign (th' old King being dead).  
A Monarch here in *Naples*.

*Duke.* A King in Hell amongst the Purple flames:  
He shall be rewarded: *Phalaris* Bull,  
Or some more horrid Instrument of death,  
Which may with lingering, yet excessive pain,  
Drink by degrees his life, and force him curse  
His soul to Hell for ease, shall be his recompence.

*Off.* But all this while his Name's to us unknown.

*Duke.* Let it be Murtherer, or what it may,  
My high revenge is levell'd at his soul.

*Mess.* They call him *Calisto*; but neither know  
From whence, nor what he is.

*Duke.* But I know where to send him. This *Calisto*  
Must certainly be *Terraslim*:  
That Slave still wore a murdering heart beneath  
A smiling face. But come, let's haste to Court:  
If Blood be pastime there, I'll make them sport.

[*Exeunt.*]

### Scena Quinta.

*Juliana, Clariana, Livia.*

*Jul.* Thy grief to mine compar'd, is of so mean  
A price, it looses all account.

*Clar.* I've lost my Heart, my Lover, and my Prince.

*Jul.* And I my Love, Heart, Prince, and Brother too.  
My dear *Valerio*'s poyson'd, yet I live.

*Clar.* *Amintor* murder'd, and I only grieve.

*Livia.*

Livia sings

My Love is dead, and my Heart is gone;  
And yet I live,  
And yet I grieve;  
But Frangipane will return anon  
From yonder cloud.

Jul. What a medley of sorrow's here?

Livia continues the Song.

He'll rip his shroud,  
And visit me again:  
But I'll no longer be  
Guilty of cruelty,  
By which he once was slain.  
If that you spy  
An Arrow fly,  
And wound his Noble Heart,  
Oh do not cry,  
Oh do not start,  
'Tis but a glance  
Of this bright eye  
That doth advance  
To visit his poor Heart.

Clar. Poor innocent Maid! with what distracted,  
Yet passionate Notes she vents her griefs!  
Were I distracted too, I might as she  
Perhaps in Songs vent all my misery.

Jul. That wish would but our miseries augment:  
For it would render us incapable  
To revenge the deaths of those we grieve for.

Clar. I know 'tis ignoble: but where there is  
A want of strength to bear a misery,

To Nature sure it is a charity  
 To wish our selves less sensible of grief.  
 I could afford to melt my soul in tears,  
 Distill my eyes like *Marble* to a sweat,  
 If 'twould renew my dear *Amintor's* life:  
 But such my mis'ry is, the more I grieve,  
 I've greater cause to grieve: Like *diurnal* sun,  
 That suffer'd flames a hundred thousand years,  
 Perceive their sufferings of as great a length  
 When that time's *night*, as when first *day*:  
 So will the Prince his death appear to me,  
 And every day augment my misery.

*Jul.* Dry up those liquid sorrows: Joyn with me  
 In a Revenge may justify your love,  
 And set his bones at rest: Then we'll resolve  
 Like Roman Dames to meet our Lovers in shades,  
 Which neither jealousy nor fate invades.

*Clar.* My Womans strength will fail in the attempt:  
 'Tis easier far for me to die my self,  
 Than own the cruelty to destroy another.  
 Yet Death, though gilded with so well, is still  
 Relisht by Nature as a bitter Pill.

*Jul.* Tho' Nature's weak, our loves may well supply  
 That poor defect, and teach us how to die;  
 And our Revenge so great a Justice is,  
 Nor gods nor men can say we do amiss.  
 He'll straight be here: come, come, you must resolve:  
 Here, take this Ponyard: how you tremble at it!  
 Me thinks my Brothers death might fortifie  
 Your Arm.

*Clar.* That fatal word adds Courage.

*Jul.* Why bravely said: Think who you do revenge;  
 Think how he lov'd, how innocent he died,  
 Then strike: Thou canst not miss the Traytors heart.  
 I'll grave as many wounds upon his flesh,  
 As his vile murderer made upon my heart;  
 And then the World and I may freely part.

*Clar.* I'll

*Clar.* I'll endeavour to follow your example:  
So brave a Leader may well guide my hand  
To all those Actions which my fears withstand:  
But if my love I to your Precepts joyn,  
No Womans Courage ought to equal mine.

*Jul.* How well that speech becomes my *Clariana*!  
But since our Courage hath attain'd this height,  
We must devise the speediest means to perfect  
Our Revenge.  
Perswade thou *Livia* bind him to this chair;  
Her known madness will make't appear a Jest,  
Should he discover it.

*Clar.* But how to work her to it? Distracted Lovers  
Are still obstinate.

*Jul.* Thou say'st true; 'twill be somewhat difficult:  
My griefs have made me loose my brains.

*Clar.* What if we should perswade her that he did  
Contrive the death of *Francis*?

*Jul.* 'Twill be excellent: Dear *Clariana*,  
Thou'rt for th' inventive; I the active part;  
Sure both together cannot miss his heart.  
But silence now must make our counsels wise:  
For see where comes the design'd sacrifice!

## Scena Sexta

*Terrasilius, Juliana, Clariana, Livia.*

*Ter.* **T**HE Prince his death was a success beyond  
All vulgar caresles of fate: I nickt  
The wheel of fortune when I struck that stroke,  
For his Disguise did undermin my Plot.

*Jul.* Surely he sees us not.

*Clar.* Good Madam, let's observe.

*Ter.* Poor shallow Prince! didst thou think to cope with me,  
Whom ragged fortune had made polkick,

And

And opportunity a Knave? I must  
 Confess thy counterplots were dangerous  
 To my fate: Had fortune meant me but half  
 A courtesie, that stratagem might have  
 Swallow'd me and my designs in the  
 Deep gulph of ruine. But chanks my better stars,  
 My safety triumphs in thy death, which seeds  
 My ambition almost with certainty  
 Of that most glorious Prize she aim'd at,  
 This Kingdome, and the Princess Love: stay then.  
 But what assurance have I of her love?  
 The Prince his word! A poor security!  
 A Reed I dare not rest on. This Letter  
 Writ from the King t' endear me to her thoughts,  
 Is a foundation cannot fail my hopes:  
 Men born to Greatness, are but born to fall,  
 When brave ambition means to catch at all.  
 I'll boldly make a tender of my love;  
 And if refus'd, wed my revenge. ——— She turns!

*Jul.* She's rarely wrought! you know your *Qu.*

*Ter.* Madam!

My last Addresses from your smiles receiv'd  
 So kinde a welcome, my heart dares not now  
 Doubt your love, since I bring th' Authority  
 Both of a Fathers and a Monarchs hand  
 To plead my interest, and implore your free  
 Consent to consummate my Vows. [Gives her a  
(Letter.)

[Two chairs set out.

*Jul.* Pray, Sir, repose your self, whilst I have read  
 The Injunction of a Parent: you shall finde  
 Merational in my reply. [They both sit down.

*Ter.* She's kind beyond my hopes. Bless Terrasilius!  
 The Prince his Policy hath deceiv'd himself,  
 Since from the Princess he hath all conceal'd:  
 On some designe his death cut off i' th' middle.  
 As I live she smiles; sure the contents do please.

[As he discovers to himself, Livin binds him.

*Ter.* Pretty



*Ter.* Pretty Innocence! Your Woman, Madam,  
Hath bound me to my good behaviour.

*Juliana and Clariana present poyards to his breast.*

*Jul.* This shall set you free: struggle not, nor use  
Your voice: If you employ either, by my Brothers  
Soul, I'll send yours to Hell immediately,  
With all your sins upon you.

*Ter.* Dear Princess, your hand implies an action,  
Your heart I hope's too soft to execute.  
If't be a tryal of my love you'd make,  
Give me the Poyard, and on your command  
I'll rip my heart to let you see its truth.

*Jul.* Your love, base Slave, I scorn: 'Tis my revenge  
(And for a Brothers death) I prosecute.

*Ter.* Hold! and do not on my innocence revenge  
A crime I'm guiltless of.

*Jul.* Thou guiltless!

*Clar.* Thou innocent!

*Ter.* In thought as you: I knew him not when my  
Unlucky and too fatal hand cut off  
His blooming Youth. And might not this strong Arm  
Be useful to the King, Madam, to you,  
And to th' Kingdoms safety, I'd cut it off:  
So much I loath to think on the mistake!

*Jul.* Vile Hypocrite, we from the Prince his mouth  
Do too much know ere to believe thy lyes:  
Ask briefly pardon of the Gods: We would  
Not kill thy soul eternally.

*Clar.* Yet unprepar'd he sent the Prince to give  
His last account.

*Jul.* He did, *Clariana!* This vile Traytor did it.  
I joy to see thy spirit: but his soul  
Was still so innocent, and held so small  
Commerce with sin, we need not doubt his safety.

*Clar.* I look upon the malice that was high,  
And gave no leisure for a penitent  
Thought. Let's strike!

N

*Jul.* How

*Jul.* How nobly shows this Courage!

*Clar.* Love and Revenge do fortune my Arm,  
And from a tim'rous Virgin me transform  
To a bold, yet just punisher of blood.  
The Prince his blood in this same fellows guile;  
Appears as fresh as if 'twere newly built.

*Jul.* He weeps: how much he labours to seem good!

*Clar.* But tears are no sufficient wash for blood.

*Jul.* Had not thy words call'd from her drowsie Doss  
My just revenge, it had been down'd in pity.

*Clar.* Loose not that spirit, Madam, you have put  
In me; that noble spirit now rebukes  
Your too much Lenity. If a Brothers  
Death be no ugly fuel for the fire  
Of your Revenge to feed on, *Valerie's*  
Will fan it to a flame.

*Jul.* How was my memory employ'd, that she  
Forgot that Noble soul! Could Pity take  
Up all the Lodgings of my thoughts? Vile Maid,  
Where was thy love? and where stas thy revenge?  
Both in his silent Grave.

*Ter.* How they inflame each oether to destroy me!  
Guilt makes me dull, and Danger stupid,  
Else I might mix some eloquence with tears  
To mollifie their hearts.

*Jul.* Is your peace made?

*Ter.* Oh stay!

*Jul.* I can defer no longer: *Valerie's* blood  
Calls loud-upon my soul for a revenge.

*Clar.* So doth the Prince's death: Come, let us strike!  
Both our concerns do spur us on alike.

*Ter.* Yet hold: tho' my innocent head  
Advocate to your ears, yet let not passion  
Mitigate your rage, on at least give me time  
To vindicate my self.

*Clar.* Madam, let's hear him out.

*Jul.* No, *Clariana*, no; I'll be as deaf

As

As a Northern Wind the Mariners  
Exclaims, to all he says. Were Angels sent  
To vindicate his innocence, I'd judge  
Them Devils by their lyes: Let's not defer,  
Lest thou loose courage too, and at one time  
Our Womens strength forsake us both.

Clar. Fear not my soul doth want extention  
To entertain my love and my revenge.

Jul. You saw my Brother bleed, he bled by him.

Clar. You heard Valerio di'd, he poison'd him.

Jul. And on his heart I will revenge it thus. [Strikes.  
Ha! will it not enter?

Clar. The Gods would have the Prince revenged first:  
His Throat I hope's unarm'd. [She wounds him.

Ter. That stroke was home indeed. Base Murtherefs,  
I wish my blood were poison for thy sake,  
That every stain might make an u'e'rous sore,  
And by degrees consume and rot your bones.

Jul. Base Slave, I'll stop your Throat.  
Good Livia, stand aside. [Whilst she speaks to  
Livia, he catches her by the Gown.

Ter. Not yet; y'are within my grasp.

Liv. Nay, if y'are good at that, I'll stand at distance.

Clar. Thy death shall set her free.

Liv. Good Madam, one stroke for Frangypant.  
I thank you heartily: 'twas a brave one!

Ter. My Death. Oh that my eyes had power to  
Consume you all! or that my dying breath  
Might a contagion breed throughout the earth!  
It grieves me not so much I am to fall,  
Tho' from the pinnacle of all my hopes,  
As that my glories (by a female rage)  
Are all eclipse'd. Devil's revenge my death:  
I can but curse you, and so yeild my breath.

[He dies.

Jul. Thy curses will accompany thy soul.  
Valeria, thou'rt reveng'd.

*Clar.* The Prince may likewise rest in Peace.

*Liv.* And so may *Frangypant*.

[*King, Duke, &c. within.*]

*King.* Break open the doors.

*Jul.* We are surpriz'd; but Death shall

Finish all.—

[*She wounds her self.*]

*Clar.* Why did you strike before me?

*Jul.* That I may carry tydings to the Prince

That you will follow.

*Liv.* Commend my love likewise to *Frangypant*:

Tell him I'll grieve his death a score of years,

And then I'll visit him.

*Jul.* They bounce again: dispatch, dear *Clarissa*,

*Clar.* Alas, my feeble arm its utmost courage shew'd,

In spilling boldly that base Traytors blood:

I dare not die.

*Liv.* Nor I, if I should be hang'd.

*Jul.* Then live here miserably, whilst I

Enjoy in the *Elysium* shades my dear

*Valerio's* company. Farewel.

*Clar.* Nay, take me with you: for I feel desires

Strong enough to lead me to the Prince.

My courage ebbs and flows just as my love,

And fears do dictate, but love triumphs now.

[*She wounds her self.*]

### Scena Ultima.

*King, Duke, Hortensio, Captains, &c.*

*Duke.* **B**E not so cruel to thy self.

*Clar.* You're welcome; but too late.

*Liv.* I'll take your counsel, Sir: I can't abide  
To have my love serv'd up in blood.

[*Exit.*]

*Jul.* Give me thy hand;

I'll guide thee in this shady Pilgrimage.

*Duke.*

Duke. Great Sir, you see the shipwracks you have made;  
Your Sons innocence you already know;  
Your Daughters you ne'er doubted, nor I mine.

King. I finde, and see too much. [Goes to the Princess.

Duke. My dearest *Clarissa*!

Clar. Grieve not for me: I finde a peace in death  
Beyond all earthly comforts. Farewel. [Dies.

Duke. She's gone! for ever gone! [Weeps.

Jul. Adieu, dear Father. May your Throne be well  
Secured by your Childrens blood: your Peace  
Daily by Subjects Loyalty encrease.

King. Thy wishes will be good for those succeed  
Me in this fatal Throne: My heart doth bleed  
With such an inward grief for my crimes past,  
Caus'd by suspicion, and my needless fears,  
By baser Sycophants improv'd, I scarce  
Can live to ask a Pardon, nor live to give't.  
That crack was timely: in the other world  
I will implore 'e of both. [She dies. [Dies.

Her. Alas, poor King! grief crackt his aged heart:  
My Lord, why do you waste your tears in a  
Single sorrow, when a general grief  
So much requires them?

Duke. What can be nearer then a Daughters death?

Her. A Sovereigns and the Peoples safety.

Duke. The King dead!

Her. Heart-broke with grief.

Duke. Then Nature must excuse me: Grief, employ  
Thy power to distill my soul in tears  
Upon this Prince's Hearse; whose much distrust  
Did heap on woes to hasten him to dust.

Her. Your sorrow's comely: but the publick danger  
(In my opinion) claims precedence.  
These dire events to *Naples* and her Crown,  
Should they arrive unto the publick ear,  
Ere you assert your right, or make your claim  
(Which is undoubted) to this Realm, Faction.

Might.

Might discompose the Publick Peace,  
And so our griefs and dangers both increase.

*Duke.* Advise us, dear *Hortensia*, now our friend,  
Thy prompt compliance with us in revenge  
Of Prince *Aminors* death, I never shall  
Forget to own, or to reward.

*Her.* The baseness of the Murder did compel  
That seeming Treachery: but my revolt  
You know was grounded upon honest thoughts,  
And that we both meant safety to the King.

*Duke.* Thou speak'st an Angel-truth. — But to  
Our Right.

*Her.* We all salute your Kingship.

*Capt. Sculd.* Long live *Stephen*, King of us and Naples.

*Duke.* We heartily join Acclamations greet.

'Let all these Princely bodies be expos'd  
To publick grief for a convenient time,  
And then interr'd with high solemnity.  
As for that Caitiff Slave, whose impious crimes  
All Presidents exceed; so let his Grave  
Be in the bowels of devouring Wolves;  
To whom let it be cast a prey, whilst we  
Mutually grieve his great impiety. [Exeunt.

\*\*\*\*\*

Did bear on words to batter him to dust.  
His lowly country: but his high ambition  
In my opinion, this is the best way  
To bring him to his end.  
Which is the best way  
To bring him to his end.  
EPI-  
(Which is the best way  
To bring him to his end.)



## EPILOGUE.

**VV** IT's grown so poor, those Poets now excel  
 That in a Play express but one thing well:  
 If new, 'tis such a Miracle in Wit,  
 You ought admire, but not to censure it.  
 Yet Gallants, you do not consider this,  
 But boldly censure every thing amiss;  
 As if that Poets ought to have no fault,  
 When very Gods themselves do sometimes halt.  
 Truth you'd do well, before you censure it,  
 To try your selves if you can better it:  
 Which if y<sup>e</sup> effect, your Work much better shames  
 Those you'd condemn, then now your loud exclaims.  
 But this our Author knew when first he writ,  
 He did create you Judge of his Wit,  
 Without disputing of your learned skill;  
 His Doom's wholly depending on your Will.  
 Therefore proceed: whate'er your sentence be,  
 'Twill but at worst compleat his Tragedy.  
 But if in's favour you your Verdict give,  
 Loudly proclaim your Votes, and let it live.

FINIS

